

ST. ALBERT THE GREAT

"DOCTOR UNIVERSALIS"

NOT often does Christianity witness events of such deep theological moment as those which took place during the past year, when within the short space of three months the Church conferred the highest magisterial honours upon two of her greatest sons. In September, Saint Robert Bellarmine, S.J., was declared Doctor of the Universal Church, and on December 16th the same title was given to Albert the Great of the Dominican Order.¹ For the latter it was at the same time the day of his formal canonization. To one who has watched the religious movements on the Continent during the last four or five decades, this event has not come unexpectedly. The constant flow of petitions for Albert's canonization, small, indeed, at the beginning, but gradually increasing in time, has never ceased since the close of the Vatican Council. Bishops and whole dioceses, Religious Orders, universities and scientific associations, even large cities besought the Holy Father to give to Albert what he so well deserved. At the same time Catholic scholars in years of painstaking research set up the true picture of this powerful and dominating personality and revealed his great influence upon his own and subsequent ages. In short, Albert, the inspiring genius of generations, was rediscovered and given his place of honour at the side of St. Thomas. It is surely one of the secrets of divine Providence that Albert, who died only six years after his beloved pupil, should have had to wait full six centuries for that official recognition which St. Thomas enjoyed not long after his death. Though we cannot probe God's secrets, there are, nevertheless, reasons in plenty to commend the view that few men have a more profitable message for our time than this new (and yet so ancient) saint, who almost in his lifetime was proudly called "the Great," and later on was hailed unanimously as the "Doctor universalis." It is this universality of his which we have tried to depict in the following pages. Saints are naturally most dear to their own countrymen; yet we miss

¹ The decretal letter "In thesauris sapientiae" bearing the date given above was actually published a month later.

much if Albert is a stranger to us, for, as Dr. Grabmann says, he is "one of those rare outstanding men, whose greatness increases the more one gets to know them."

First, then, a few dates. Albert of Bollstadt, born in 1205 or 1206, in the south of Suabia (Germany), joined the Dominican Order about the year 1223, when he was studying at Padua. After a few more years of study he was sent to Cologne to lecture in the recently-established convent of his Order. Called to Paris in 1245—he had, in the meantime, taught in several other German monasteries—he lectured there on theology until the beginning of 1248. In this year the General Chapter had planned the constitution of four regional High-schools ("*studia generalia*", at Oxford, Bologna, Montpellier and Cologne) and to Albert fell the charge of Cologne. He remained there for six years. In 1254 he was elected Superior of the Teutonic province. Hardly free from this burden, he was appointed Bishop of Ratisbon by Alexander IV., though both he and the General of his Order protested. But the protest was without avail and the saint humbly submitted. For several years he was kept busy with the difficult task of reforming a sadly neglected diocese until, in 1262, he resigned his bishopric and spent the rest of his life mostly in South Germany and at Cologne, where he died on November 15, 1280.

There is one fact which at once strikes the careful student of Albert's life, viz., the enormous and far-reaching influence exercised by him both inside and outside his Order. Though comparatively young when he started lecturing at Cologne, he had among his hearers some of the most gifted young men of his time. It was a custom in the Dominican Order to exchange students of different nationalities, and the fact that Thomas Aquinas, who had been Albert's pupil in Paris, was sent with him to Cologne to lecture under the guidance of his master bears eloquent testimony to the high esteem which Albert already at that time enjoyed among his brethren. Another of those who were given into his charge—though at a later period—was Ulrich of Strasburg. Thomas and he were easily the most prominent scholars trained in Albert's school and it is their attitude towards their master which shows best how his natural gift for teaching others was appreciated by minds equal to his own. Thomas who, in later years, himself wrote commentaries to Aristotle's *Ethics* and *Politics*, collected a number of Albert's lectures on *Ethics* and put per-

haps the finishing touch to them that they might not be lost to coming generations. Ulrich, too, said boldly of his master : "Vir in omni scientia adeo divinus, ut nostri temporis stupor et miraculum vocari possit." Neither of these instances must be considered merely as a tribute of gratitude to their master, but rather as a sign of sincere admiration for his genius. A teacher gifted with the loftiest qualities of mind and heart cannot but make a deep impression on those younger than himself who are privileged to listen to him, and Albert seems to have had his full share of those qualities. In addition to profound learning, he had a quick eye for talent in his pupils and the gift of fostering such talent, not only by word, but also by the example of his own unfailing zest in matters of practical and speculative study. If we add the high perfection of his own spiritual life, the secret of his influence on the young generation of his Order becomes all the more apparent.

It was again Albert who took the most prominent part in the discussions held in 1259 at Valenciennes, which led to the drawing up of a new "ratio studiorum" to be adopted in future in all Dominican schools. Three years before, he had gained a complete victory over the Parisian Faculty of Arts, whose members, by their serious charges, aimed at checking the growing influence of the Mendicant Orders at the University. Both parties had been summoned before the Papal court, where St. Albert represented the Mendicants and did his work so thoroughly that the Pope openly condemned the attitude of their opponents. St. Thomas, then thirty-one years of age, collected the "responsa" of his master and, in abbreviated form, published them in a book.

By his vast erudition Albert had become one of the outstanding figures of the Dominican Order. Dozens of able lecturers had been trained in his school of theology and philosophy in Paris and at Cologne. Full of warm enthusiasm, they went back to their own convents, often enough in far-off countries, and made known Albert's thought to hundreds of others. It is not without emotion that we read the words of high praise with which, quite against the custom of the learned at that time, they introduce quotations from him in their own books. That influence did not come to a standstill with his death. Recent research has shown the various lines of Albertian thought traceable in notable personages up to the time of the Reformation. Of these we mention Bessarion, Giovanni Pico de Mirandola, Dante, Savonarola, the Car-

dinal of Cusa and John Eck only because they are the better known. It was Dante who saw Thomas and Albert standing side by side in the heavenly paradise :

I of the lambs was, of the saintly fold
Which Dominic conducts, that path to try,
Where those grow sleek who 'scape from vain things' hold.
He who upon my right hand is most nigh,
My brother was, and master ; of Cologne,
Albert is he ; Aquina's Thomas I.—*Parad. X.*, 94—99.

These verses are proof enough that far beyond the limits of his immediate sphere of influence the name of Albert the learned had a familiar ring.

Yet his learning was of a rare kind, and here it is that his universality comes in again. Shut up, as it would seem, in his monastic cell and whole-heartedly devoted to speculative thought, he had, nevertheless, an eye for the many needs of the time and contrived to keep in constant touch with the world outside, without ever losing the interest in and the fervent love for the things of the spirit. His was a surprising combination of activity and contemplation, a combination often found in our saints, and it was this gift which made him at once a born scholar and a born ruler. "For as you have drunk of the pure source of the Divine Law, and of the salutary waters of science, in such a way that your heart is replete with the fullness thereof, and your judgment is sound in all that relates to God, We firmly hope that this Church, which is overturned in spiritual matters as well as temporal, will be healed by you, and that your unceasing efforts will repair all its injuries . . ." : thus Pope Alexander IV. wrote to him appointing him bishop of Ratisbon.

Albert's writings run to thirty-eight large volumes, and the thought strikes one : surely, such enormous labour must have exhausted a single man's energies. Yet when we read the account of his activity as a Provincial and a Bishop, we marvel at his being able to write books at all. For a tremendous activity it was. To judge of it rightly it has to be remembered that the periods of both his provincialate and his episcopal administration fell in the worst part of the thirteenth century, the German interregnum—that dreadful time "when might took the place of right, and the claims of justice were the sport of lawlessness and disorder." Germany had no ruler for nearly thirty years, and though in many respects, *e.g.*, in its architecture, literature, learning, it was one of the

blessed ages, the economic state of the episcopal residence of Ratisbon, when Albert took possession of it, was only too true a picture of the state of things in general. "The coffers were empty; numerous debts had been contracted, the barns were swept clean of everything, and not a drop of wine was to be found in the cellars" (Sighart). Another still greater evil had to be confronted: the moral depravity among clergy and people. His commentary on St. Luke's gospel, written at that period of his life, contains many a sad remark which shows how this deplorable situation must have weighed upon him. His first aim was to raise his own Chapter from its condition of utter poverty and, with its help, he set out to face his difficulties and reform his diocese. Consecrations of churches, ordinations for the priesthood, visitations of his flock, sermons and exhortations, difficult financial matters, arbitration between hostile parties, canonical visitations of monasteries and a thousand other things kept him busy during these years. His help and his advice were sought for even beyond the boundaries of his own jurisdiction. Albert's attitude towards his office, not quite common at the time, reveals better than any document his conviction of its high responsibility. He knew that the title of a Bishop "was not a name for domination, but for duty, not a title to untroubled leisure, but to fervent zeal" (Scherer).

What a striking contrast. The monk who had been happy for years in his solitude with pious speculation and scientific research thrown into a maelstrom of action which, though demanding all his enthusiasm and attention, left very little opportunity for further study. Small wonder, then, that Albert looked back with longing for the silence and peace of his lecturing days at Cologne. Over two years he had devoted to re-organizing his diocese. The difficulties had been conquered, the clergy reformed, and the financial position soundly re-established. Somebody might easily carry on with the work. He had never aimed at such a position, and the Pope's reasons for choosing him had lost their urgency, since now he could recommend a fervent priest as his successor. Why not go to Rome and beseech the Pope to accept his resignation? He succeeded, but before long new burdens were laid upon his shoulders. Again it was Christ's Vicar who required his help, this time on behalf of the Holy Land. A new Crusade was to be preached throughout Europe, and Albert was ordered to do this work in Southern Germany

and Bohemia. Comparatively little is known of his journeys up and down the country except the names of a few places where he preached. When finally he returned to Cologne, to resume there his long-interrupted lectures, it was as it were a last chance offered by Providence to complete that work which, more than his external activity in the service of the Church, has kept his memory alive.

It is with regard to this literary work that John of Beka (d. 1346) says: "Albert is great in science, greater still in philosophy, but greatest, surely, in theology." The study of mediæval thought compels us to invert that saying. His age saw so many pre-eminent theologians, among whom he is undoubtedly one of the leaders, that it is the philosophical and still more the scientific part of his writings that make him stand out unequalled in his time. A perfect master of theological speculation—he has written a "*Summa Theologica*," a Commentary on the Sentences of Peter Lombard, a "*Summa de Creaturis*," commentaries on the greater part of the Old and New Testaments and, besides, commentaries on most of Aristotle's philosophical writings—his mind was yet powerful enough to create a standard work of science which seems to have filled his contemporaries with awe at the revelation of his learning. Roger Bacon, the famous Franciscan, and himself a marvel of scientific erudition, placed him before all the other scientists of his time. This appreciation, as coming from an Englishman, may fittingly be quoted here: "And I sincerely praise him more than any other of the crowd of learned men, for he is most keen on studies, has seen countless things and so has been able, with the help of his resources, to collect many useful sayings in the vast ocean of writers."¹

Among these, shall we say?, cosmological books there is a complete botany, mineralogy, zoology, geography (including astronomy). Our scientific age is easily inclined to belittle the value of such works and to take them as a sort of historical curiosity. But considering that Albert lacked the help of all modern scientific apparatus, it is surprising to learn that many of his results stand unshaken up to this very day. Something more than a mere love of curios must, in recent years, have prompted the publication of his Botany and Zoology in critical editions. To my knowledge, no such tribute has been paid to any other of Albert's works. In an

¹ Roger Bacon, "*Opus minus*," 327.

age of complete specialization it is very wholesome to watch this master at work, to see with what unflinching interest and astonishing versatility, he sets his mind to the most disparate matters. Great cosmic problems, questions of morphology, observations of the changes of the constellations and reflections on the anatomy of an animal that he has dissected. He can speculate acutely on time and space, but he can also suggest improvements for Rhenish vineyards and plantations. Incidentally—and this is curious—it was one of the errors Albert adopted from ancient writers, which was to play an important part in the discovery of America. For that remark of Bacon's which so obviously influenced Columbus,—that the eastern coast of Asia could not be so very far off the western coast of North Africa—had been taken from Albert. Again it was the study of his book "*De natura locorum*" which gave rise to our modern physical geography.

Though these writings on cosmology are excellent in themselves, and in their immediate purpose, they were, for Albert, but the foundation of something far greater. He had visualized the union of those two gigantic intellectual rivers—Aristotelian philosophy and traditional theology—and had made it his life work to build up a system in which everything from the smallest being up to the sublime mysteries of divine life should have its proper place, a "*Summa*", an encyclopædia in the best and truest sense of the word. Many before him had used Aristotelian thought, but in a way which lacked close enough acquaintance with the Philosopher's complete system. With Albert and Thomas, Aristotle became the inspirer of Christian philosophy. If with Thomas Christian Aristotelianism reached its climax, it is to Albert that its origin is due. How much one owes to the other, how far they went their own separate ways, future research will reveal. In one respect the experts of mediæval scholasticism agree, that it was Albert who first collected the vast amount of material which was required, before other more specialized talents could build up scholastic philosophy in its perfection. He met with severe criticism and had to defend his doctrine. At the end of his books on Aristotle's "*Politics*" there are a few words of defence, valuable to us, as they show how a saint can vindicate true liberty of thought and research: "And I say this on account of certain lazy minds who, seeking to palliate their laziness, find in books only matter for cavil; and as their sloth dulls their wits, they strive to discredit writers of

eminence so that they may not seem to monopolize dullness. It was such as these that did Socrates to death, that at Athens drove Plato from public life to the retirement of the academy, that by conspiring against Aristotle forced him also to depart. . . . And, in the exchange of learning, these are what the liver is in the body. For as in every body there is a vicious humour which, when it evaporates, leaves the whole body sour, so in the business of learning there are always some men full of gall and bitterness who embitter all others and make it impossible for them to seek the truth in the sweetness of good fellowship."

Theology, the work for the most part of his mature age, occupies the greater part of Albert's writings. Unfortunately, as in the case of St. Thomas, death prevented the completion of his "*Summa theologiae*."¹ Probably none of the thirteenth century has written more copiously on the Holy Eucharist and on Mariology. Recent research, again, has revealed the influence of his book "*De Eucharistiae Sacramento*" on the German mystics and, if I remember rightly, it was his writings on Mariology that were highly praised and used by St. Peter Canisius, S.J., in his great work on Our Lady against the Centuriones Magdeburgenses. Lately, Albert's teaching about the Church has been made the subject of specialized study² and it has been pointed out that his doctrine of the marks of the Church, and of Papal infallibility in particular, ought not to be neglected. Albert's commentaries on the various books of the Scripture are perfect gems of piety and learning, and it is a pity that they are not more commonly known and used. There are passages, *e.g.*, in the "*Enarrationes in Joannem*," which, in their mystical depth and simple straightforwardness, remind us of the Fathers of the Church. What theological study meant to him appears from the enthusiastic passage in the prologue to his "*Summa*": "Whereas other matters to which we turn our minds are equal or even inferior to the human heart and are raised to a higher and nobler plane of being only because they are in the heart of man . . . , none but theology lifts up the

¹ According to recent scholars, Albert, probably of set purpose, abandoned the work on his "*Summa*" on account of his high respect for St. Thomas's writings, about which he is said to have remarked: "*Frater Thomas in scripturis suis imposuit finem omnibus laborantibus usque ad finem saeculi et quod omnes deinceps frustra laborarent.*" *Act. Sanct. Mart. I.*, n. 82. See J. B. Reeves, O.P., "Saint Albert the Great" (*Blackfriars*, 1932, p. 79).

² Scherer, "*Des seligen Albertus Magnus Lehre von der Kirche*" (Freiburg, 1928).

soul, cleanses it and constitutes it in eternal immortality, for : to know Thee is perfect righteousness and to know Thy justice and Thy power is the root of immortality."

Some saints have left us the story of their religious experiences and of their spiritual growth : St. Augustine, in his Confessions, St. Teresa, in her autobiography, Blessed Peter Faber, in his spiritual diary. From Albert nothing of the sort has come to us which might afford some glimpse of his holiness. We have to infer from a phrase here and there, and from the general tone of dealings with things spiritual, the measure of his holiness. But there is abundant testimony from without. Not very long after his death, Blessed Mechthild of Helpede, a Cistercian mystic (d. 1299), saw in one of her visions Albert and Thomas entering the glory of heaven, and soon at his tomb a number of miracles were wrought. Almighty God in this way confirmed the impression of his sanctity felt by his contemporaries and now infallibly declared by His Vicar. His pupils and friends never tired of testifying to his unceasing intercourse with God in prayer "day and night." When Bishop he felt the necessity of retiring for a time to the solitude of his country estate at Stauf, on the Danube, to give himself to prayer and study. From his commentary on St. Luke, which was written there, and from his sermons, to say nothing of the other works, we see how every detail in Our Lord's life and death was to him a new motive for the study of perfection. All his insight into the profound mysteries of faith seems to have sprung from prayer, and, naturally, led to prayer. So we do not wonder at finding among his works a collection of prayers appended to the "Sentences" of Peter Lombard.¹ Urged by the unceasing requests (*diuturnis precibus*) of some friends, he wrote a set of sermons on the Sunday gospels; but he could not help adding a prayer to each, suited to the episode commemorated in the gospel. We may quote one in conclusion to show how he referred everything to the pursuit of perfection in the imitation of Christ. It refers to the Storm on the Lake (Fourth Sunday after Epiphany) :

O Lord Jesus, who didst mount the ship of the cross in order that Thy disciples might follow Thee, my heart is Thy disciple and with it I would fain be of Thy company. Behold, temptation disturbs mightily the sea of

¹ Published by Nicol. Thoemes, "Orationes b. Alberti Magni super IV libros sententiarum" (Berlin, 1893).

my heart so that, whilst Thou and Thy grace are asleep, the ship of my soul, as by a storm that has risen within me, is even now covered with the waves of carnal desire. By my prayers I call upon Thee, by my longing I draw Thee, by my devotion I importune Thee, by my actions I arouse Thee. Come to my aid, cast out my fear, increase my faith, command the winds and the sea, the breath of suggestion, the stirrings of the flesh, so that the waves of my heart may be stilled to a mighty peace and my innermost thoughts may marvel at Thy power and praise it for ever. Amen.

There we have essentially the mentality of the saint, the attitude of mind which refers everything to God and expects everything from Him, there, too, the secret of that union with Him to whom he owed all his gifts, the source of his power with his fellow-men to whom he gave lavishly of his own abundance.¹

GEORGE KARP.

¹ As space does not allow one to quote in full references to the rapidly increasing literature on St. Albert the Great, let it suffice here to say that this study has been based especially upon: Dr. Grabmann, "Mittelalterliches Geistesleben" (1926), "Der Einfluss Albertes des Grossen auf das mittelalterliche Geistesleben" (*Zeitschr. f. kath. Theol.*, 1928); F. Pangerl, S.J., "Studien über Albert den Grossen" (*ibid.* 1912); E. Michael, S.J., "Geschichte des deutschen Volkes während des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts," Vol. III.

SOME OF IRELAND'S TREASURES

AS the date approaches for the celebration of the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin, many people of Irish blood, but born and reared in other lands, will find their thoughts almost unconsciously bridging time and space, bearing them in spirit to that Motherland of which they have heard so much, and hope, presently, to know more.

For such as these the following notes may indicate some objects worthy of their attention before they leave the country—objects not concerned with Ireland to-day, of which reminders will abound for them at every turn; but with Ireland in "the long-ago," when her Nationhood was in the making, when her distinctive culture was gradually defining itself.

This process of looking-back is something more than a merely pleasurable pastime; it is essential to a true and appreciative understanding by her people of a Nation's greatness. In the *Catholic World* (New York) there appeared, some years ago, a paper entitled "National Tradition in Irish Literature." Its author, Martin J. Les, B.A., in his opening paragraph, quotes Edmund Burke as saying: "Those who never look back to their ancestors never looked forward to posterity"; and continues: "The outlook of a Nation should be *retrospective* as well as *prospective*; its aim should be to find in the Past objects of veneration, pride and worship, incentives to emulation and signposts to greatness for the future. When national forgetfulness falls like a distressing nightmare upon a country, all notions of public responsibility disappear. . ."

Although the writer refers mainly to literature, his views may be applied with equal effect to other phases of our national life; our present-day writers are not the only children of Erin who inherit a proud tradition—not alas! invariably respected. Irish artists and Irish craftsmen have their traditional heritage also, and, in these times of breathless existence and mass-production, it can be wonderfully soul-refreshing sometimes to wander down the silent yet so deeply eloquent vistas that link our "to-day" with "yester-days" long gone by.

In the National Museum (Kildare Street), Dublin, are collected and reverently guarded treasures which—were they known and appreciated as they deserve—would be made the

objective of many a student's pilgrimage. The Ardagh Chalice, The 'Tara' Brooch, The Cross of Cong, The Shrine of Saint Patrick's Bell—all these precious heirlooms are there, amid a host of others, for us to feast our eyes upon and to delight our hearts with their peerless beauty. For the brains that planned, the hands that executed, such masterpieces of human skill, were those of Irish craftsmen, the first love of whose hearts was ever for God, so that the thought of His Honour and Glory was inextricably intertwined with all that they designed and fashioned. No rough finish, no edges left raw because "no one will see them"; no scamping of labour or of material marred the workmanship that has given us these exquisite objects to ponder over, if we will, with a pride akin to that of the younger members of some ancient family as they contemplate the records of their unknown ancestors' achievements. For the fame of these particular glories of the national collection has travelled the whole world over; they possess an interest and charm peculiarly their own.

The Ardagh Chalice.—In form, this beautiful relic "belongs to that early class of two-handled cups described in the old 'Ordines Romani' as *calices ministrales*, a form in use before the tenth century and meant for Communion of the minor clergy and people, so long as Communion under both kinds was given to the laity" (Margaret Stokes). To quote from the official description: "The Ardagh Chalice, together with a bronze vessel and four brooches, was found in 1868 . . . at the Rath of Reerastra, close to the village of Ardagh, in Co. Limerick. . . The chalice is composed chiefly of gold, silver and bronze, with rich settings of enamel and amber. . . Chalices of this period are extremely rare; the examples existing throughout Europe can be counted on one hand. The Ardagh Chalice is not only rare but *unique*, being the only Celtic example which has survived down to our own times." There is good reason for dating it ninth century.

Beautiful though the Chalice in its exquisitely perfect proportions appears at first sight, closer investigation with the powerful magnifying-glass provided, reveals wonder upon wonder of delicate workmanship—much of it in fine gold filigree—and an artistic sense of balance and grasp of detail unsurpassed, if even equalled, by metal-workers of to-day. Nowhere is there overcrowding of ornament; nowhere is there a jarring absence of it; all is in absolute harmony, breathing the strong Faith of the old-time Gael who made it

and who strove thus to render it in some degree less unworthy of That which would lie within it.

In all this embodiment of Irish artistic genius, no portion is more amazingly beautiful than that hidden away in the under-side of the foot and easily visible only by a special arrangement of mirrors. There, ordinarily hidden from all eyes save those of Him to whose honour it was fashioned, is work so perfect as to challenge description, though the hands that held it in the making were folded in death over a thousand years ago!

The 'Tara' Brooch. This masterpiece, according to the official handbook, "was found in 1850 on the strand at Betaghstown (now Bettystown), near Drogheda, Co. Meath. It has no connection with Tara, and was merely named 'Royal Tara Brooch' by the jeweller to whom it was sold. The body of the brooch is of bronze and is decorated with panels in fine gold filigree-work, enamel and settings of amber and glass. The ornament includes spirals, interlaced work, human heads and animal forms." Its date also may be put in the ninth century.

The workmanship on the back of the brooch even excels that on the front and well repays study with the magnifying-glass. The small clasp attaching a piece of chain in Trichinopoly-work to the side of the brooch is very beautiful, and its details are worth careful scrutiny—especially two tiny and perfectly-preserved faces.

The Cross of Cong. Among the many splendid reliquaries fashioned to contain portions of the True Cross, none is more beautiful in the minute detail of its design and the perfection of its execution than the Cross of Cong—the work of an Irish metal-worker about the year 1123, to the order of Turlogh O'Connor, King of Connaught and Ireland, 1106–1126.

An inscription running along the edge of the cross is thus translated:

In this cross is preserved the Cross on which the Founder of the world suffered.

A prayer for Muredach Ua Dubthaig, the Senior of Ireland.

A prayer for Terdelbach Ua Conchobair, King of Ireland, by whom this work was made.

A prayer for Domnall, son of Flannacan Ua Dub

(Thaig), Bishop of Connacht and successor of Comman and Ciaran, by whom this work was made.

A prayer for Mael I'su, son of Brata'n Ua Echan, who made this work.

No people, possibly, understood more clearly than did our Irish forefathers what is meant by the divine words: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God . . .", and the order of these pious requests furnished proof of this, for it is God's vice-regent—Bishop Muredach Ua Dubthaig, the "Senior of Ireland"—whose name is first mentioned, followed by that of him who held the high dignity of King.

"The cross," says the official handbook, ". . . is formed of oak, encased with copper plates enriched with interlaced ornaments of gilt bronze; the sides are framed in silver, the whole being held together by nails ornamented with little heads of animals. . . The shaft is held in the mouth of a grotesque animal, surmounting a boss which carries down the interlacements and settings of the shaft and terminates in four small grotesque heads, the whole forming a socket in which was inserted the pole for carrying the cross."

Like the Ardagh Chalice and the 'Tara' Brooch, the Cross of Cong should be carefully examined with the magnifying-glass if the perfection of its beauty is to be worthily appreciated.

The Shrine of Saint Patrick's Bell. Holding a special place among our national treasures because of the sacredness of its associations, ranks the Shrine of Saint Patrick's Bell, for, although not made until about the year 1091, it enshrines the little iron bell which can be traced back through an unbroken history of 1500 years to the very days of him to whom, under God, Ireland owes the Faith.

The learned archæologist, Wm. Reeves, D.D., in his book "On the Bell of Patrick," describes it as being "at once the most authentic and the oldest Irish relic of Christian metal-work that has descended to us." Quadrilateral in form, the bell consists of two plates of sheet-iron, bent so as to meet and fastened together by large-headed iron rivets. The riveting process completed, the iron was strengthened by the fusion of bronze into the joints and over the surface, thus increasing alike its resonance and durability. A coating of bronze—but less regularly distributed—was given to the inside. The handle is of iron, with bronze attachments.

The Shrine which, for centuries, has enclosed this hallowed relic would appear to have been made between the years 1091 and 1105, when the See of Armagh, as mentioned in its inscription, was filled by Donell MacAuley. The official description of the Shrine is as follows: It is "made of brass on which the ornamented parts are fastened down with rivets. The front is adorned with silver-gilt plates and knot-work in golden filigree. The silver-work is partly covered with scrolls, some in *alto-relievo* and some in *bas-relief*. It is also decorated with gems and crystal, and on the sides are animal-forms elongated and twisted into interlaced scrolls."

Attention should be paid, though not on the score of their workmanship, to a group of little tarnished chalices in one of the Museum cases, for they are eloquent of the days of persecution when saying Mass was a felony and the altar-equipment had to be made as small as possible. Catholics will regard them with higher veneration than could be excited by mere artistic skill. One set composed of Chalice, Pyx and Oil-stock has a suggestive note attached. It was "found in the roof of an old house near Callan, Co. Kilkenny." On the foot of the Chalice are engraved a Latin Cross, "In usum," a heart transfixed by an arrow, "P.P." and "Augustiniorum Corcagiæ, 1754." No doubt they belonged to some hunted priest "on his keeping," for they are too small for ordinary use in church. He may have been seized at last but have managed before capture to hide the sacred vessels.

We are told that "the form of the Irish Crozier, preserved to us from pre-Norman times, differs distinctly from that of the usual mediæval Croziers. . . . It was not designed to represent the conventional shepherd's crook, but was a shrine or metal covering made to protect the old pilgrim's staff or crooked stick of the Saint, which was venerated and carefully preserved in the district." Obviously this metal casing, especially where it covered the head of the staff, furnished opportunity for artistry, and we find in the National Museum many beautiful specimens, as well as fragments which show the usual composition of the finished work. The metal Crozier is of course later than the plain unencased one, and we have evidence that the former was used in Ireland in the ninth century. One strikingly beautiful specimen is described as "the supposed head of the Crozier of Cormac MacCarthy, King-Bishop of Cashel, who died 1138 A.D. . . . The terminal hook is formed by a serpent, bending round a

figure of Saint Michael and the Dragon." The dark-blue enamel enriching this crozier-head is particularly rich and fresh in colouring.

Turning now from the metal-worker's furnace and forge to the cloister, we enter a domain of art—that of Illumination—in which the monastic scribes of Ireland have never been surpassed. As early as the seventh and eighth centuries and before the close of the ninth, her monks and other scholars had enriched not their Motherland alone but other European countries with artistic productions so wonderful that even experts to-day find difficulty in doing justice to them. Joyce, in his "Social History of Ancient Ireland," thus describes the prevailing style of these old Irish illuminated MSS.: "The interlaced patterns (in themselves so characteristic of the Irish School) are intermingled with zig-zags, waves, spirals and lozenges, while, here and there among the curves, are seen the faces or forms of dragons, serpents or other strange-looking animals, their tails or ears or tongues not infrequently elongated and woven till they become merged and lost in the general design; sometimes, human faces or full figures of men or of angels. But vegetable-forms are very rare. This ornamentation was commonly used in the capital letters which are, generally, very large; one capital of the Book of Kells covers a whole page." The Book of Kells, the chief of Ireland's treasures of this kind, is to be seen in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, as are also the Books of Armagh and of Durrow, the Garland of Howth, and the Stowe Missal.

Of the Book of Kells, Professor J. O. Westwood, Oxford, has written: "It is the most astonishing book of the Four Gospels which exists in the world"; and of the Book of Armagh: "I have counted (with a magnifying-glass) in a small space scarcely three-quarters of an inch in length by less than half an inch in width, no less than one hundred and fifty-eight interlacements of a slender ribbon-pattern formed of white lines edged with black ones." Of course, it is the coloured designs which are the most astonishing. Reds, yellows, purples, violets, greens;—all are used and blended with the perfect skill of complete mastery and with an *abandon* which suggests that, in spirit, the artist as he worked had dipped his pen—a quill of swan or goose or crow—into the very rainbow itself.

Intricacy of design and marvellous colouring, however, do

not constitute the sole claim of our ancient MSS. to our wondering admiration. They shared with their fellow artists, the metal-workers, a zeal for absolute perfection of finish. This characteristic is admirably expressed in the following passage:

This excellence of their workmanship teaches us several things. It shows that not only could they plan an elaborate and beautiful scheme of decoration but that they had the high and exacting conception of art which is not satisfied with anything short of a perfect rendering; to second and supplement this, they had a technical skill capable of meeting the most trying demands of their difficult designs, and they had a persevering, tireless industry which did not desist until the plan was carried out with faultless exactitude and to the last minute detail."¹

But the fame of the Book of Kells renders it unnecessary to dwell further on the genius of the Irish illuminators.

There are evidences, preserved in the National collection, of a civilization which long ante-dated the Christian. For instance, a superb collection of ornaments in *pure native* gold—the largest such collection in Europe—dating back as far as 2,000 years before the Christian Era. Torques, lunulæ, bracelets, rings and brooches—one torque even found, with its strong wooden case practically intact,—what would one not give to be able to learn something of the artists who fashioned them and of the men and women who wore them! In distant European countries, a few similar Irish gold ornaments have been found and have been accepted as evidence of commercial barter and exchange. But, somehow, it seems easier to think of them as lost from the jewel-cases carried to their new homes by Irish brides, for missionaries were not the only Irish folk that penetrated far into Europe.

These few notes, which might be almost indefinitely extended, may serve, we hope, as an informal introduction to that priceless heritage of National treasure which is waiting in Ireland for the appreciation of every son and daughter of Erin who may come next month to take their share in their country's homage to Him who is the inspirer of all true art, the very source of Christian civilization.

R. C. NICOLLS.

¹ "Irish Illuminated Manuscripts," by J. F. X. O'Brien, *Irish Monthly*, Sept. 1917.

CATHEDRAL COLLOQUY¹

A Sanctum. Crimson-shaded light falls on Sir Plumcock Shaw, massive merchant, and Dr. U. Neeverneau, profound professor, in evening dress, opposite one another at a clothless table. Each has a glass of port before him; the decanter is exactly in the middle. The scene is therefore perfectly black, save for their linen and hair, dazzling white; and for the glasses and their faces, which are ruby.

MASSIVE MERCHANT.

Pro-fessor! I thank you for this recherchy banquet what you've given me. I'll tell the world that if the University career leads up to port like you'n me been having, I sanction and approve it. I *ap*-prove it, and I'll prove it. [*He chuckles, and sips.*]

PROFOUND PHILOSOPHER.

My dear Sir—mrph—Plumcock! *Too* kind. Of course, the port . . . one wouldn't just for *anyone*—oh dearm *no*! And any small success in my career, well, one's own small gifts that one may not *wholly* have lacked—well, yes, or rather *no*, one cannot but feel that that which the—ah—[*waving a deprecating hand over the quaint vulgarity*]*—the, ah, Boss may, in the beaten paths of business, achieve, the Scholar in his Sanctum may not wholly fail to—not altogether prove incompetent to—[he hunts for a new word; fails to find one; succumbs]—also achieve. [In a panic, he corrects himself.] Also to achieve. [He sips.] But*

¹ The whole country, if not the whole world, knows of the Archbishop of Liverpool's hope to build in his City a Cathedral worthy of it, and, so far as may be, worthy of Catholic worship. The question, too, of making a Catholic University in England has often been raised: but the prospect of achieving this is far below the horizon and for very long will be. As a "remote preparation," perhaps, for greater things, the Federation of Catholic societies in the Universities of Great Britain decided, two or three years ago, to collect enough money to build an "Aquinas Chapel" in the Liverpool Cathedral, thus obtaining the strong intercession of their Patron for themselves and their future and the whole matter of higher Catholic education in this country; and also, providing a sort of pilgrimage centre for themselves in the North; and also, materially helping forward the new Cathedral. They think that when they have collected £2,500, they can regard themselves as having founded it, built its walls, and roofed it. Last Holy Week, the Liverpool University students produced a Passion Play, which by itself raised well over £500. Thus it is seen that the project is not in the least chimerical. Perhaps this small "lever de rideau" may, later on, prove in its small way of assistance.—c.c.m.

you hinted at—a plan? Some *scheme* as to our University? perhaps a Chair? some little scholarship? mprmpbh! [*He bumbles.*]

MM. Sir, I mean more than that. I myself was raised, you may know, in Monkscroft-by-St-Benet's-under-Smurge. I spent my boyhood at its grammar school. I did *not* profit by the advantages of a University like this what has made you what you are—I cannot say, as I would wish, what has made I as well as you the men we *are*. Sir, I envy you. Now, having spent my adolescence in the U-nited States to which I take my hat off, I return a man of Zip and Pep, a man, if I may say so, of Burge, not Smurge; a man filled, as you more lilrally—litterly—hell, what I mean is Educatedly—would put it, with anyway an Urge in the line of Utmost for the Highest. Yes *sir*. In Tune with the Infinite. What did I do, sir? I pulled down that old school at Monkscroft. There was an outcry in re ancient bricks. Sir, what is bricks? I rebuilt it upon noble lines with synthetic stone at relatively small expense, but by *munificent* donations have made it into the College that you see. For that (and for other services that I need not specify), I was made what I am, a SIR. But [*he stands up, superb, determined*], I have not finished. I propose, with your assistance, putting in the right word 'ere and again *there* [*he winks*], to elevate that College to the rank of a University for ALL, and to win thereby the title of a Nurl. I repeat, sir, of a Nurl. [*He sits down, extenuated, and drinks.*]

PP. [*Faintly.*] An earl? My dear Sir Plumcock . . . yes! Dear me: well of course you never know. . . [*His spirits recover themselves.*] Sir Plumcock—you are—if one may say so—an asset . . . a true asset . . . an educational asset . . . [*delirium invades him*] . . . anationalasset . . . bricks—sthetic stone—annurl. . . [*He too stands up.*] My dear—ah—*Shaw*, pmit me to drink to your Practical Genius, to the . . . [*he loses himself*] Highest for the Lowest, or does one mean, the Lowest to the Utmost. . . Cause and Effect (mysterious and much disputed series), or at least one aspect of them, have been solved in your own person. . . Oh dear, can one solve an aspect? what *does* it matter?

but anyway I drink to the success of your beneficent and most unexpected scheme! [*He drinks a glassful and subsides.*]

MM. I thank you, Professor. Of course, I add that in my University there will be no nonsense like praps there's some of even in yours. No effete old philosophies, none of them musty ancient potes—the Ideal, sir, yes, all the day and all the way the Ideel—but never divorced from what you so 'cutely called the prattical—placcical—sense; mustn't ever let go of the placal sense. . . [*He has sat down; helps himself to another glass, and nods.*]

PP. [*Sleepily.*] The praccal sense is so much needed nowadays. . . Of course you musn't be *too* hard [*he giggles*] on us old dreamers. . . [*Pulls himself together.*] Of course there's a *lot* of nonsense going about. I hear of young men and women in our Universities wasting time in—oh dear me! such dreams. . . Wanting to revive skl—grmph—sk—bp!—scho-las-ticism . . . plph—build a Cathedral—my dear Sir Pplock—catheedle—this time of day—ctheedle—you'd hardly blieve me—theedle. . . [*He passes out.*]

MM. Mdssir. I *know*. Some may still think them things, but our new University, sir, will make an end o' that. Believe me, sir, there's some as may, and there's some as *mayn't*, but may OR mayn't, there'll be many as'll think different from what they *do*, nor yet from what they DID. [*He too passes out.*]

You then notice that behind MM. is standing St. Francis of Assisi, his wounded hands resting very gently upon MM.'s shoulders. And behind PP. stands St. Thomas Aquinas, hands on his shoulders. From time to time, they stroke—quite respectfully, but ever so friendlily, the white hair of the sleeping men.

T. Can anything be done for my young man, Brother Francis?

F. [*smiling almost mischievously.*] You never know!

T. "Whether anything can be done for these two very un-grown-up men?" Videtur quod non. Apparently not.

F. Ah, when you begin like that, Brother Thomas, you always end up with the opposite. Or so I'm told. I never read books—not even yours!

- T. If I was silly enough to write them, that's no reason for anyone being silly enough to read them! Hum my hymns, if you like. I often hum your "Canticle." . .
- F. [*with gentle malice.*] "Too kind!" Brother Thomas, be serious. Let us not rest till Brother Plutocrat has built his University, and put in it *all* your books; and no one shall be judged worthy of a degree till he has passed an examination in You!
- T. "All?" But, Brother Francis, I crossed out half my manuscripts myself! No; listen. Long ago, stone by stone, you rebuilt San Damiano—and other little shrines—why, the Pope himself saw you holding up the whole world's mother-church, the Lateran. Francis! Let us not rest till *this* wise wise man's little students have built, well, their own part of their Cathedral!
- F. Sister Sleep shall give good counsel. [*He now speaks to the mind of M.M., gently touching, now his forehead, now his hair, with delicate brown fingers.*] Oh my dear Brother Merchant, what a wise thing you said just now. You said that ever so many people were going to think differently. . . I wonder if you will, yourself. . . Do you think so? *Could* you ever have different thoughts in that practical mind of yours? They needn't all be different, because that *was* a wise thing to say, you know: if some of the other things were foolish—well, we're happy men if we say one wise thing to every ten silly ones. I expect you have a lot of other wise and lovely thoughts inside this hot head of yours, if only they'd wake up! There they are, fast asleep, like little song-birds; in the grass, under the leaves; and only a great goose or two strutting round the yard, and perhaps a great turkey—gobble-gobble, cockle-cockle! My little sister-Thoughts! Wake up, wake up under your leaves, you little soft, warm, feathery wise Thoughts! Sing sweetly to the Father of us all. Off with you through the Universe, carolling your Te Deum! [*M.M. stirs in his sleep. His forehead puckers itself. Un-customary ideas are trying to think themselves in there.*]
- T. Master Professor . . . what a wise man you are, you too! You've thought so much, and you know you know so little. And you're feeling that all your learning has been dreams? and you're envying that "prac-

tical man"? There's some humility in that, isn't there? not just despondency? Don't despond. There were practical men too in my old Paris, and Cologne, and Naples. Oh yes, they made very good hospitals. Poor dears—they even thought out high explosives. . . But they thought in good order, Professor. They were able—now doesn't this seem odd to you?—to be more sure about the Great Things than you are, though they were less—ah!—plumb-cocksure about the smaller ones. Now don't say "You never know," Professor! *Never's* a terribly long word. I think we might have a University better than the one that Master Merchant's picturing—better than the one, perhaps, that you're remembering. . . Do you think it's impossible? Now let me whisper to you. . . *Ad primam difficultatem. . . [He stoops till his lips are near PP.'s ear.]*

- F. Brother Merchant . . . I wish you could hear what Brother Thomas is saying to Brother Professor-Most-Profound. Perhaps you can. But I want to say a word about that Cathedral. Well, it isn't so much a whole Cathedral they're thinking about—just one little chapel—a little black and white chapel in memory of Brother Thomas himself. And it's true, what Thomas said. I *did* like building little chapels. . . Ah, the First Stone, in the Name of the Father! We have one Father, Brother Merchant, you and I; we are sons of the same great King; we should feel at home, in the great House of our royal Father. And the Second Stone, in the name of the Son. . . I love your thoughts of Brotherhood, you know—the way you want to gather quite our poorest brothers into one House of Wisdom. Well, you won't want to shut out the best Brother of them all, now will you? And you would be glad if He also had His proper place in the great House of His Father, who is ours? And ah, the Third Stone, in the Name of the Holy Ghost! Ah, Spirit of God! Lord, and Giver of Life! Who makest all these stones to come alive! Such a Cathedral of Stones that live! Such a lamp of life, fountain of life! Come, Holy Spirit; enter the thoughts of this strong brother of mine. . . I am a very foolish little man, but Thomas over there is praying for him, and Thomas knows such a lot! Help those learned young men and women to

make the little chapel for Brother Thomas, and to venerate him there and get in touch with him; and send his wise thoughts out, all over the world. . .

- T. Professor, your head has been getting so nice and cool while I've been talking to you, and while Francis over there has been praying for you! Haven't you been getting a new [*he smiles affectionately*] aspect, Professor? perhaps a more universal one? It's only when one sees things in bits, Professor, that one desponds, and gets all hot and muddled. Yes—let's make sure of Sir Plumcock's University, and let's make all Universities as universal as we can; Francis thinks that they ought all to have my books in them, though he confesses he never reads them himself. (Oh Brother Francis, you have better still; ah, Sun of Truth, Thyself. . . Still, if but as in a mirror, dimly . . . dimly, not *distorted* . . . if *so* I have reflected Thee, in those books, Sun of my soul, I thank Thee!) . . . And I might remind you, Professor, you yourself, when I had a centenary of some sort not so long ago, you made some most polite and friendly speeches about them! So I think his University—and yours—had better be as universal as they can, don't you? [*PP. blinks rapidly in his sleep.*] And believe me, we had better crown our life with that Cathedral. . . God gathers all thoughts together, and gives them meaning, and direction, and victory. . . Come now. . . A Cathedral? A Church Metropolitan? A little image of the Temple that is in the Heavenlies? The Temple that is the *whole* of the blissful City—Jerusalem "that is above, and that is the Mother of us all"? And as for the chapel that Francis mentioned—he is a modest creature, you know, and would be quite willing to go without one himself. . . But I *think*, Master Professor, Francis would like it very much if there were lots of little baths, up on the roof, for birds. . . And down by the walls, some little troughs, and even a big one, for dogs and even horses to drink out of, and feel happy, and give their due praise to God? Don't be afraid of dreams, Master Professor! Francis can do a lot of practical hard work with those hands that the Nails went through.

The two Saints look up at one another and smile. They feel their work is finished. Each keeps one hand on the shoulder of the man in front of him, and reaches out the other so that their fingers just touch.

T. O Sacrum Convivium! [*He smiles, but very gravely.*]

F. Deus meus, et Omnia! [*They disappear.*]

MM. [*waking up.*] Professor—excuse me. I must have nodded a bit. In fact, I've been dreaming.

PP. [*Still only half awake.*] A Dream cometh through the multitude of the Business. . .

MM. That's a queer thing you said. . .

PP. I should like to co-operate with you, Sir Plumcock. . . but perhaps it all needs thinking out rather more. . .

MM. I'm with you there, Professor. Perhaps I've rushed at things rather. But between the four of us [*he gasps, and brushes his hand over his forehead*]-Guess I'm still dreaming . . . well, between the lot of us, we ought to manage something!

PP. [*Vaguely.*] You never know! [*Sits up, wide awake at last.*] I mean, I'm sure we shall! [*They too reach out their hands, and clasp them across the table.*]

[CURTAIN.]

FRÉDÉRIC OZANAM AND HIS SOCIETY

[In the month of May, 1933, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul will celebrate its hundredth anniversary. No doubt, between now and then, much will be written about the Society, nor will a year necessarily exhaust the record of its achievements. But in reviewing that record emphasis must be laid on what exactly the Society stands for in the mind of its Founder. For to him it was much more than just a work of Christian charity. Its primary rule, one always impressed on those who join it, tells us expressly that its first object is the sanctification of its members. Though not twenty-one years of age when he gathered together his first band of young men to do Christ's work in Paris slums, Ozanam had already developed a social philosophy of his own, and his Society was really a bold attempt to prove the soundness of that philosophy by results. Already, when only seventeen years of age, he had drawn up a vast plan of historical apologetic from which he early deduced certain principles, the application of which would vindicate their truth. Thus his Society was a distinct challenge to the spirit of his age; he would be more democratic than the most voluble democrat, but exemplify his theories in deeds. Whilst appreciating to the full the external works of this great Association and the good which it does its members, it is well, too, to investigate the sources of all this spiritual activity. Accordingly, as a prelude to much that will be written later, we propose here to study the mind of the Society's Founder, so as to set forth what he intended it to represent, as distinct from other philanthropic societies about it.]

IT is remarkable how, during the last twenty years or more, the name of Frédéric Ozanam has begun to stand out among those of his generation. Though he was a contemporary of men like Montalembert, Lacordaire, and de Maistre, though he died at the early age of forty, and though it may well be that all of these excelled him in natural talents, nevertheless as time has gone on students have begun to recognize in Ozanam two great features which tend to place him before them all. On the one side was his astonishing breadth of outlook, on the other the practical application of the principles he maintained. If Ozanam was essentially a man of his time, if he seemed to reflect in his writings the very soul

of the early nineteenth century, still he reflected it from a mirror that took in as well the whole of the Christian Era. If on the other hand he must be placed among the Church's greatest apologists, if his reading of history puts him in a high place among her thinking men, still, as the work he has established proves, he was not content with theory only; with the genius of a practical optimist he set his hand to a task which must at that time have well seemed Utopian, but which a hundred years of experience have shown to be sound, and fruitful, and lasting.

It is not necessary to dwell long on the age in which Ozanam lived. He was born in 1813, two years before Waterloo; he was twelve years of age when Saint-Simon died, the founder of what may be called the new republican religion, the religion of science, and universal brotherhood, and progress, the religion of Socialism. When from the opposite camp appeared *L'Avenir*, with its motto: "God and Liberty," and with leaders like Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert to father it, Ozanam was still only seventeen. He lived through the generation which saw the laicizing of education in France, and during which, under men like Quinet and Michelet, Thiers and Mignet, Louis Blanc and Lamartine, the religion of the first Revolution took on a new life. He listened to the long-drawn bombardment that went on between the Society of Jesus and the University of Paris. He heard Quinet sum up the controversy in his dictum: "Either Jesuitism must destroy the soul of France, or the soul of France must destroy Jesuitism"; but by "the soul of France" he learnt with those around him that what was meant was Saint-Simon's revolutionary religion. But he also heard a new voice, midway between the other two. From the pulpit of Notre Dame Lacordaire proclaimed the union between the Church and the people. Ozanam lived to see a new outlook grow upon both the Government and the Nation; when the Empire was restored in 1852, the year before his death, France was again, in principle at least, Catholic.

Moreover, Ozanam's upbringing, and the influences brought to bear upon him, were such as to make him peculiarly representative of his generation. Born in Lyons, the son of a doctor, his family and schooling were such as to give him a deep Catholic foundation. At the age of eighteen he went to Paris and there came under the influence, first of that almost saintly scientist, Ampère, next, of the historical

apologist, the successor of Chateaubriand, Ballanche. From Ballanche Ozanam absorbed the mind and soul of Chateaubriand; we may say that his own future apologetic was but the development, after his own manner, of what he learnt from these two. If Chateaubriand was the apologist of Christianity, Ozanam was the apologist of the Church; substitute the one word for the other, and the argument of both runs along parallel lines. From Chateaubriand the young man was drawn to the writers of *L'Avenir*, and with these he soon became acquainted; in alliance with them, accepting the new order and determined not only to christianize but catholicize it, Ozanam found his vocation as a writer. We do not wonder that he became specially dear to Lacordaire. The latter would have had him with himself among his restored Dominican brethren; God had other designs. Ozanam, susceptible, sensitive, enthusiastic, was subject to forces such as these bearing always upon him, and in some sense showed their influence in everything he wrote; yet the work he actually accomplished differed from that of any of them, and bore fruit in a way that, had he lived, would surely have surprised himself.

For on his own confession, many times repeated in his letters and in his other writings, Ozanam set out to be an apologist of the Church. He tells us in more than one place how during the first experiences in Paris his faith was shaken, how doubt which he detested for a time took hold of him, how by the aid of a wise confessor he came again into the sunshine, and how in return for that relief and joy he vowed to devote his pen and his life to the service of the Church. But at the same time he saw the other side. At the age of nineteen, when he had settled in the capital for his further studies we find him writing to a friend: "I dislike Paris; it is a lifeless city, with no faith, no love. It is like a vast corpse to which I am tied with all my youth and life; its cold freezes me, its corruption kills me." Here was the other force which pulled at him all his life; while on the one hand he would devote all his time and energy to championing the Church, and to forming groups of students who would work with him, on the other he could not, in such a place as Paris, remain a theorist and no more, he must form like groups who would put his theories into practice in the Babylon about him.

That these two forces, pulling in opposite directions,

seriously affected what may be called the vocation of Ozanam is manifest in many places. By nature he was drawn to the life of a student and writer, and his friends, such as Lacordaire, earnestly encouraged him to that career; but there was something else within him which stimulated him to action, and he could never rest at his desk alone. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul was only one, though in the end it proved to be the chief one and most lasting, of the *œuvres* which he took in hand. He was a prominent supporter of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith; he worked hard for the cause of freedom in education; he was one of the founders of the journal, *l'Ere Nouvelle*; he instituted courses of lectures and study circles for working men; he defended the right of Sunday rest; during the revolutionary period of 1848 we find him with his friends serving in the national guard. Last of all, in the midst of all his labours, he had an apostolate entirely his own among the youth about him passing through the same sea of doubt that he himself had traversed. Indeed, some may say that this last was the greatest of his works.

One advantage for those who come after him has followed from this double attraction in the making of Ozanam; while we have as the result of his activity a world-wide institution of lay charity, we have at the same time, behind it all, the mind of a clear thinker explaining the principles on which that institution is based. Moreover, that mind was essentially historical. Ozanam's method of apologetic mainly consisted in showing what the Church had done in the past for mankind: "By their fruits you shall know them." From that he concluded to her function here and now, what she could do and what she was actually doing; and when he took up work of his own, he did it mainly as a result of, and partly in proof of his own theory. Many will object, and not without reason, that his history is coloured, adapted to prove his purpose; this is the charge to which all apologists are exposed who choose to work in the field of history. But it is an objection which does not affect us here. Posterity is less concerned with Ozanam the historian than with Ozanam the social philosopher; though he set out to do lasting work in the former rôle, it is in the second that he will live.

In the first place Ozanam had an unbounded belief in the safe-guiding hand of Providence. Again and again in all his historical writings he pauses to remark upon it; when he

has taken us through the most difficult periods in the history of civilization he concludes with a demonstration that anticipates Browning's well-known couplet:

God's in His heaven
All's right with the world.

Next, and following on the former, he is convinced that whatever sets-back there may be, progress is always being made. Had he lived a generation later, we can well imagine what attraction the evolutionary theory would have had for him; indeed, so ardently did he voice this principle from his earliest days that many of his friends could not but watch his development with some anxiety. Still he was well aware of these sets-back; human nature being what it was they were inevitable. "We must believe in progress," he writes in one place, "but at the same time we cannot forget the permanence of all the cravings, of all the instincts, of all the temptations with which human nature is impeded." And lastly he sees both of these essentially contained, first in Christianity in general, and then in the Church, its truest and safest foundation. The Church has preserved all that is best of the ancient paganism; she has transmitted it to the ages that have followed; she has enriched it with ever new powers, ever new perfections, ever new glories, in every domain of human activity,—such in brief is the line of Ozanam's apologetic.

In consequence, when he looks out on the world around him, or into the future before him, he sees all the panorama lit up by the light of the Church; and, vice versa, it is in the influence that she exercises upon mankind that he chiefly studies her. Christianity, by means of her faith and her charity, so he argues, has re-established harmony in the human soul, has given it light and warmth: "and that this harmony might not be disturbed, that faith might not falter and that charity might not fail, a society has been founded, a society whose essence is faith and love and harmony, and that society is the Church." Human liberty is powerless to guide itself, much less can it guide the world. It needs an authority to lead it, to point out its limitations and the areas over which it cannot act; it needs, besides, a school of true principles and doctrine to guide it in the use of its own powers. These two controls it finds in the Church, and it finds them nowhere else; so Ozanam would explain, in terms of this world, the

aphorism: "Outside the Church there is no salvation." Other methods have been tried, Protestantism in its many forms on one side, Rationalism and its varieties on the other; the one has led invariably to anarchy, the other, no less invariably, while claiming to be the champion of freedom, has always led to despotism and tyranny.

But along with the Church there has always been consistent progress; progress in civil life, progress in social development, and in these two Ozanam places all that we understand by Christian civilization. And the secret of that progress he reduces to the preservation of the two commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Other civilizations have been founded on other bases; they have lived for a time and have perished. From time to time attempts have been made to revive them; these attempts have had their day, but always the issue has been the same. They have undertaken more than they had power to accomplish; they have had no guide to lead them to any real goal; the end has always been chaos and death, and the Church has invariably been compelled to come in to build upon the ruins. She has come, not with fighting men, but with women, and slaves, and unarmed missionaries, a Clotilda, a Patrick, a Gregory the Great. She has used no terror in her conquests, she has conquered by charity. To open the minds of the poorest, not to subject them; to soften the rude manners of men, not to harden them; to spread culture among peoples who had none;—such have been and still are the methods of the Church, and by such methods she has won and still continues to win in her civilizing work.

Such in main outline, and expressed in generalities, is the argument defended by Ozanam throughout his historical apologetic. We see his mind more clearly when we descend to detail. Thus he points out how it was the Church that taught the world, both pagan and barbarian, respect for human life. It was the Church that, by teaching reverence and love for God, trained the human soul, its understanding and its will, giving the former a new and greater vision of the truth, the latter a new ideal. Truth developed the first, charity the second; men learnt both to know and to love in a totally new way, on an entirely new plane. The soul of man was above all material things. In conscience he was free, whatever tyrant laws might impose; in himself he was the brother of all men; in the realm of the soul there was an

equality among men that no outward caste or class distinction could destroy. "Liberty, fraternity, equality"; Ozanam caught up the popular cry of his generation and catholicized it. He showed that the basis on which these were being built was unstable; that long before that time they had been defended by a stronger than the revolutionaries; that they had their origin, not in the burning of the Bastille, but on Calvary.

In some sense, because of the age in which he lived, this was the first and dominating thesis of Ozanam's social philosophy; he established the rights of man, not on the natural but on the supernatural, not on justice but on charity. Justice, he said in effect, had its limitations, charity was universal; justice rather declared what one man could not do to interfere with the rights of another, charity pointed out an infinite number of ways man could help his fellow man. From this beginning he went on to the family and its constituents. It was easy for him to establish all that Christianity had done for woman and for the child; we need not here dwell upon a well-worn and uncontested theme. It was easy, too, from the same source and with the same evidence of history, to show how the Church had maintained and defended the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage bond; that bond which has preserved the Christian family, and because of which Christian civilization has been the distinct thing it is. Liberty, fraternity, equality have been extended to man, woman, and child; their limitation is only defined by mutual rights and by mutual dependence, by what he beautifully calls "the law of peace and love." Still, it is when he comes to deal with Society and its constituents that the mind of Ozanam is seen in all its splendour. Here he is able to manifest the full force of the two commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Under this guidance authority at once is made both more secure and more confined; coming from God it is both more loved and more revered, being subject to God it has its limits beyond which it may not go. History provided him with abundant proofs of the sacrifices made by the Church for the maintenance of both of these doctrines, often at one and the same time. While she has steadily supported and built up the nations, she has also stood unflinchingly for the rights of religion which are subject to God alone, and for the individual conscience; she has substituted right for force as the measure of power; she has sanctified

authority by something in the nature of a sacrament; she has developed within nations the principles of political equality, which is democracy in its truest sense. The doctrine of liberty begins, not with any revolution, but with Him who laid it down that he who would command others must first be their servant; and in like manner he who would come to all his rights as a man must first learn to obey.

These mutual rights and duties are the outcome, not of conflict but of love. What is secured by conflict only can and in the end will be lost by the same; what is secured by love and mutual regard will last as long as love abides. For the profession of conflict is to seize, the principle of love is to give; conflict compels inequality, love of its nature makes all men equal; and with this key in his hand Ozanam approached the social problems of his own and every other generation. First, was the question of poverty and the poor. He recognized the good to be found in what is called philanthropic work, but he found in them for the most part a lack of that Christian charity which alone could solve the problem. In these institutions men gave of their substance for the relief of the poor, but they did not give of their heart. They pitied the poor man, they did not honour him, they bent down to him, they did not treat him as an equal. Ozanam would not have it so. Jesus Christ had honoured poverty as had none other before Him: "Blessed are ye poor," He had said, "for yours is the kingdom of Heaven," and He had emphasized His teaching by Himself remaining always a poor Man, with the poorest of men as His companions.

In this same spirit Ozanam faced the question of almsgiving; he would not look upon it as a consequence of the right of every man to live, rather he would consider it as flowing from the duty of every man to give. "It is a sacred duty," he writes, "a commandment, and not merely a counsel." It is a duty that applies to all, giver and receiver alike; and it has its sanction in the sealing words: "As often as you gave to the least of these you gave to me." He that gives is saved: "Come to me"; he that gives nothing is lost: "Depart from me"; this alone proves that it is more than a counsel of perfection. Hence the Church has extolled almsgiving, not only in regard to the necessitous poor, but by encouraging voluntary poverty among those who needed not to be poor, who have given away all that they possessed and have chosen to live on alms; scholars and men of action, a Francis of

Assisi, a Thomas Aquinas, a Francis Xavier, a Theresa, nay, to a very great extent, the Holy Father himself. He would go much further; he fought deliberately against the growing popular idea that all things have a money value; he pointed out how the State herself gives alms, under whatever name the almsgiving may be disguised. Who would say that a shilling a day is an adequate wage for one who offers himself to die at command for his country? The soldier's pay is an alms, it is not a wage; and he sums up his argument with a new definition:

"Almsgiving is a reward for service done which has no salary."

This definition, we may say, is the crowning of Ozanam's social philosophy; and its application to practical life is the key to his Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Almsgiving is no condescension; it is part-payment of a debt we owe. For what do we not owe to the poor and needy? They suffer where we do not; they serve God by suffering in a way we do not; they win for us graces from Him, which without them we would never have; they make humanity itself more like to Jesus; and in return for it all we give a poor man sixpence! Which is the greater creditor, the rich man who has given the poor man a coin, or the poor man who has given the rich man so much of the light of God? Or, again, he asks, what can repay the tears of gratitude flowing from a poor mother's heart when we have helped her, or the grip of a labourer's hand when we have given him a chance to start again? We have bestowed on them our copper or silver, they give us back what gold cannot buy. Which of us is the debtor to the other? To whom has the alms been given? Which is really the poor man of the two?

In language like this, and with illustrations such as these, Ozanam fought against the idea that the giving of alms was an act of superiority, much more a condescension. The least sensitive of men, he maintained, if they would practise almsgiving as from man to man, would soon learn "that it soars far above the insulting reproach of being a mere bestowal of favour." He had never harder words to say than when he attacked those who spoke of almsgiving as a crime; who deprived the poor man of the means of giving what he too had to give, "a word or an act of gratitude, the last of his possessions but the greatest of all, for they are possessions which cannot be bought." Almsgiving, he repeats again and

again, may be a humiliation and a shame; it may also be an honour. It is a humiliation—to quote his own words¹—

If there is nothing reciprocal about it, if you give to your brother no more than a piece of bread, an old coat, a sack of straw, which you will probably never need or want again; if you put him in the necessity, sad to any generous heart, of receiving without being able to give back; if when you help those who suffer, you seem only anxious to stifle their complaints, which trouble the streets of your town and warn you of dangers that threaten your peace.

Such almsgiving is mere humiliation, for the giver as well as for the receiver. But, on the other hand, again to quote him, it is an honour:

When it takes hold of a man and lifts him up, when it looks, first and foremost, to his soul, when it attends to his training, religious, moral, political; when it helps him to freedom from his passions and his other bonds, when it leads him to real independence and makes him a truer man. Help—he will not here call it almsgiving—is an honour and not a humiliation when to the gift of bread is joined a visit that comforts, a word of advice that clears away a cloud, a shake of the hand that revives a dying courage; when it treats the poor man with respect, not only as an equal, but in many ways as one above us, since he suffers as we do not, since he is with us as one sent by God Himself, to test our justice and our charity, and by our own attitude towards him to save our own souls.

Such help, such almsgiving, he goes on:

Becomes honourable indeed, because it can be mutual, because he who receives has also something to give, because every man that offers his word of advice or consolation to-day may himself be in need of a word of advice or consolation to-morrow, because the hand you take takes yours in its turn, because the family in need that you have loved will love you no less, and because the gift you have bestowed will be more than returned when an old man, or a poor mother of a family, or a household of tiny orphans, have mentioned your name and your deed to our common Father in heaven.

¹ The translations here given from Ozanam are free rather than literal; but the translator thinks he has kept accurately the meaning of the original.

To test in practice principles such as these Ozanam founded and fostered his Society of St. Vincent de Paul. His vision was that of faith, which saw man, not a mere struggling entity in the valley of this death, but a part of a greater whole; in that light he redefined, and gave a greater scope to, Liberty, Fraternity, Equality. Take the human standard only, and no man is free; brotherhood in practice is a name and no more; equality is a mirage. But lift man up to the plane of God, look at him with the eyes of God, and at once these ideals have a meaning. For in those eyes every man is master of his own soul, with which no power may interfere; every man is the brother of every other, common sons of a common Father; every man is a man, an equal of every other man, in the sight of Him who made him, and who gave His life for one and all. And since that is the truth, the greater truth, then in its light must our problems of society be solved. Rich and poor have relative meanings and more; they do not affect the man himself, who may be rich or may be poor. The rich can give, the poor can receive; but the poor also can give, and the rich can receive; and when love enlivens giving and receiving, then both alike come to the same thing. For love makes equal, love makes friendship; and between friends there is no giving and receiving, all things belong to both. It was indeed a new outlook, yet, Ozanam maintained, it was also very old. It had done wonders during nineteen hundred years, it would do them for many more. He founded his Society to prove what he said, and his confidence has not been misplaced. There is a truth in Socialism, as there is in every other creed; but its basis is unsound. That same truth, founded on a more solid rock, Ozanam would have us see, proved by results, in his Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

✠ ALBAN GOODIER.

REAL PRESENCE OR REAL ABSENCE

THE constructive approval, by the last Lambeth Conference, of the fusion of episcopal and non-episcopal elements in the South India Church scheme, joined to the growing readiness of Anglicanism to admit Nonconformists to the communion-table, seems to suggest that there is little difference in principle between the various forms of Eucharistic belief held by the sects. Yet, apart from the fact that something like the true doctrine is professed by a section of Anglicanism, there is, apparently, enough surface disagreement to call for the elaborate effort at reconciliation made by a Swedish theological professor at the University of Lund, in the volume before us.¹ This in its English dress is over a year old, but there is this advantage in a regretfully-belated notice that it enables one to record what others think of the book concerned,—in this case to record that it has been received with approval in almost all non-Catholic periodicals and with acclaim in many. The scope of the work is vast, no less than the whole doctrinal and liturgical history of the Eucharist, only excepting, and the exception is characteristic, the Eastern and the post-Tridentine Catholic. The obvious purpose of the book is to present Eucharistic doctrine in such fashion as will facilitate reunion, chiefly, one gathers, between the Swedish and English Churches. The subject is considered under five aspects—1) Thanksgiving or Eucharist, 2) Communion of Fellowship, 3) Commemoration, 4) The Sacrifice, 5) Mystery and the Presence. Each of these five aspects is viewed in the light of the New Testament, of the early Church, of the Lutheran and Reformed tradition, of the Anglican and Swedish Church. The method followed is—"to illustrate each of the aspects under which the same Reality has been viewed by the most authentic declarations of belief in each of these periods and countries."

Dr. Brilioth thus draws his conclusions, which indicate likewise the prepossession with which he writes:

We have tried to show that in the eucharist there are both a manifoldness of diverse aspects and a central

¹ *Eucharistic Faith and Practice, Evangelical and Catholic.* by Yngve Brilioth. Professor of Practical Theology in the University of Lund, and Dean of Lund Cathedral. Authorized translation by A. G. Hebert, M.A., of the Society of the Sacred Mission, Kelham, London: S.P.C.K. Pp. xvi. 295. Price, 12s. 6d. 1931.

unity; just as the jewel shows endless changes of light and colour as it is regarded from different angles. But the light which it refracts is one and the same: the Holy Presence, the Mystery. It is true to say that the other aspects of the eucharist are only different sides of the Mystery, or, from the human point of view, different ways of approaching to it; and the various forms of liturgy and systems of doctrine which we have surveyed have helped to show the richness of its variety in its constantly changing forms. But it is true also that since the early centuries no part of Christendom has succeeded in expressing all the aspects together, in their harmony and completeness. Is it over-bold to look forward in hope to a future day when a fuller unity of Christendom shall again reveal the great Christian Sacrament in the wholeness of its many-sided glory? (p. 288).

Now Dr. Brilioth is much clearer about the manifoldness of aspect than about the central unity, which he leaves studiously undefined; he gives no coherent theory which reconciles the different aspects; he devoted nearly two hundred out of two hundred and ninety pages to Protestant doctrine and practice, dismissing the whole of the rest of Christendom in some ninety pages; he blandly ignores the thorny question of Orders for a valid Eucharist; his standpoint is so definitely Protestant that he continually makes contemptuous and even offensive references to Catholic belief in the real Sacrifice and Presence, evidently quite unconscious, in his desire to propitiate stout and sturdy Protestants, that his expressions are so uncharitable; he seems unaware of a great deal of the solid work of Catholic scholars upon the periods he treats; nevertheless, he writes from a wide knowledge, with great power of synthesis, and with considerable delicacy of expression, having been well served by his translator; he gives a most useful summary of Protestant liturgy, and he expresses views which are widely in vogue, so that a brief study of some of his conclusions may help the Catholic to understand the fate of revelation when delivered over to human reasoning without the guidance of authority.

As regards the New Testament, Dr. Brilioth, much under the sway of German rationalists (though he rejects Lietzmann's theory that it was St. Paul who originated the conception of the Eucharist as a sacrament), does not commit himself to any more definite statement regarding the institu-

tion by Christ than the following: "For our faith it must be sufficient to be certain, as we can be certain, that this holy rite stood from the very beginning at the centre of the stream of spiritual life which had its source in the Master Himself, and which is in itself the chief witness to the power that was in Him" (p. 13). He is very clear, however, that the New Testament gives us no particular view of the rite of the Eucharist as the norm and standard to which liturgy should conform, because if theological opinion were to influence liturgy, "every theological school of thought would have to have its own liturgy" (p. 14).

The element of thanksgiving, Dr. Brilioth thinks, was most prominent in the early Church, was, to a great extent, lost in the mediæval Latin Mass, in the Lutheran and Calvinistic services, but was retained to some extent by the Zwinglians and Congregationalists. He quotes with approval Dr. Gore's remark that "early canons suggest that a Christian Eucharist in the first age must have frequently resembled a modern harvest thanksgiving" (p. 26), almost to the exclusion of the sacrificial idea. To confirm this he quotes the beautiful prayers of thanksgiving in the Clementine and in the Seraphion liturgy; but unhappily breaks off the quotations at the point where both liturgies emphasize the sacrificial death which wins remission of sin. As to the ideas of fellowship and communion, these likewise, he thinks, have been obscured in the Roman, Lutheran and Anglican Churches; his treatment here is suggestive and he pertinently remarks that there is room for a special treatise of the unifying effects of the Eucharist. They have their base in accepted truth as his quotations from Clement, Ignatius, and Chrysostom show. The early Church held the very sensible view that any real unity and fellowship demands unity in intellectual conviction and faith, and, therefore, excluded from the Sacrament of Unity all whom they regarded as heretics. As regards actual practice, the author has to lament the striking decrease of communicants in all Protestant countries, especially in Sweden.

Under the aspect of Commemoration, Dr. Brilioth, while remarking that it was a great gain in the Reformation to have laid a new emphasis upon instruction and Bible-reading, and restored the vernacular to its place in the service, regrets the loss of the liturgical year in the Reformed Churches and the over-emphasis upon the Passion, which

in Lutheranism makes every Eucharistic celebration like a Good Friday service. He notes the many efforts during the Middle Ages to bring home this element of the Mass to the people by verbal and written explanations, as well as by the liturgical seasons, commemorating Our Lord's whole life and work.

What the Catholic Church regards as the chief element of the Eucharist, the Sacrifice, is dealt with by our author with tantalizing brevity. He tries bravely to frame a statement to satisfy both Low-Church and High-Church, which will probably satisfy neither. He begins with the stock difficulty which is a real but not an insoluble one,—the sufficiency and oneness of the Sacrifice of Calvary. How can the Eucharistic rite also be a Sacrifice? He gives a long and elaborate answer to this question which does not, in the end, lift the rite above the level of a dramatic commemoration:

Admittedly there is in the eucharist no sacrifice in the ordinary sense; there is no material immolation to be accepted by God, no oblation to propitiate His wrath. We may say that it is a prayer-in-action, an enacted prayer, of immeasurable depth and intensity; a dramatic act of commemoration and thanksgiving for God's own act of sacrifice. . . . Finally, the act of sacrifice acquires its full meaning through the part taken by the congregation. Union with the crucified Saviour, realized through communion, gives the faithful a share in His sacrifice, and so makes the Act of Memorial an actual sacrifice—a sacrifice which finds its fulfilment in a life lived after the pattern of the crucified Master (p. 43).

It is plain that this will satisfy no Catholic; a commemoration of a previous sacrifice, no matter how great be the dramatic power and the intensity of prayer, is not a sacrifice in any but a figurative meaning of the term: in essentially the same sense every prayer is a sacrifice. The crucial question is whether or no in the Eucharist we merely commemorate Christ's death, or whether in so doing we really offer a new gift to God, whether Christ be present only as He is in every prayerful gathering, or is there upon the altar as the Victim offered and as the Priest offering. If not, and Dr. Brilioth evidently thinks not, then we have in the Eucharist nothing but a ceremony intended to move the minds and feelings of the congregation, and the service is not

primarily directed to God, but to help the congregation to pray with greater devotion and so to offer the sacrifice of a good life.

A few pages further on, Dr. Brilioth makes his meaning more plain; after approving with some qualification Harnack's statement that till the time of Cyprian there was in the Church no idea of sacrifice except that of praise and prayer, he implies that gradually the idea of offering the gifts of bread and wine came into greater prominence. The rest is simply Frazerism. From this, he writes:

In the later liturgies that which is offered is not the bread and wine but the body and blood of Christ; it is the priest who offers rather than the people. . . . It is doubtless right to say, with Wetter, that it is the belief in the real presence as localized in the elements that brought the idea of sacrifice into close connection with the consecration, and made it dependent upon the priest rather than upon the congregation. This brings the idea of sacrifice sensibly nearer to that of non-Christian religions. It is not primarily now the prayer and praise of the church that are offered at the altar, nor the gifts of bread and wine, but the body and blood of Christ in the material form of the consecrated elements. By the popular mind the priestly act was easily thought of as possessing in itself a mysterious power of propitiating God, of making an impression on God, by the sheer force of sacred rite and "magical" word. In so far as this was the case, it is right to speak of a "paganizing" of Christian worship (p. 46).

These purely sacerdotal functions, Dr. Brilioth admits, are substantially envisaged by Cyprian, from whose principles, "in the course of time the inference was bound to be drawn by popular piety that the priestly act had an independent value of its own, and the danger had become real that it should be regarded as an act intended to propitiate God's wrath, and available for the benefit of the dead as well as for the living." The Protestant doctrine could scarcely be expressed more clearly: that is, the view that the whole efficacy of the Eucharist consists in its effect upon the mind and feelings of the congregation. It is simply the *verbum visibile*, the enacted word, perhaps more effective than a mere spoken sermon, but essentially of the same order. In spite of all

his verbal efforts, the Lund professor leaves the Protestant Eucharist where he found it.

If his treatment of the idea of sacrifice is disastrous, much that he says of the last division of his subject—Mystery and Presence—is constructive. Of the various attempts to derive Baptism and the Eucharist from heathen rites, he says: "They are now seen to be one of the freaks of historical scholarship and a symptom of a childish ailment, which is not uncommon in young sciences. To-day this theory appears only in the popular expositions, whose mission seems to be to grant a further lease of life to the less fortunate hypotheses of real scholars" (p. 50). For which sensible remark, much that is less wise may be forgiven. Moreover, the two main points of difference between the mystery religions and Christianity are well taken,—first, the difference between myth and history, and second, between comprehensiveness and dogma. The first point needs no amplification; on the second, Dr. Brilioth remarks: "The normal relation of the mystery-cults to one another was one of tolerance. Especially in the later period, the accumulation of mystical initiations was the common practice; it was prudent to acquire as many guarantees of salvation as possible. Philosophy saw in the various rites only different ways of approach to the one Deity. *But it was on the ground of intolerance, from first to last, that Christianity fought and won.* It was unthinkable to partake of the Lord's table and the table of devils" (p. 54). And again: "It would be easy to draw up a whole list of points of contrast, which make it impossible to class the Christian mystery as one of the mystery-religions. Whenever a definite piece of information about their ritual emerges, it is generally something that points a contrast with the Christian church" (p. 54).

When Dr. Brilioth, however, comes to define what is the Christian Mystery, the Presence, I confess to finding him unintelligible. Perhaps it is unfair to complain of this, since he says explicitly that verbal definitions can never adequately express the reality of the Eucharist (p. 54). But to leave the matter there, to say, "There is a Mystery, there is a Presence; but what the Mystery is, and whether the Presence consists in anyone's really being present or not, we simply do not know," this is clearly too jejune, too reminiscent of the Cheshire cat. Of course no one wishes to maintain that it is possible to define the Eucharistic Presence in terms that

remove the mystery; but most clearly and definitely to deny the physical presence of the Lord, and at the same time to assert that there is "the experience of the presence of the Lord and of communion with Him," is far too like saying: "He really is not there, but we imagine he is, and that is just as good." This is, however, what Dr. Brilioth seems to mean: "Any physical identification of the bread and wine with the material flesh and blood of Jesus is impossible," there cannot be any "localizing of the presence in the elements," and yet "the predominant thought is that of the personal presence of the Saviour"; the presence "is associated with the bread and wine" and makes "really present" Christ's "self-oblation to death." There is no intelligible guidance here. Unless we use the words "real" and "personal" and "local" in their ordinary sense, we only darken counsel.

But, as the author sees, the object of faith is something external to the believer—"therefore faith demands assurance that the eucharist has its origin in the action of Jesus Himself, is directly related to His historical personality, and is the authentic expression of the regenerating force, which emerged in history as the result of His life's work" (p. 68). One would think that faith would also demand assurance as to the nature of Christ's action and of that regenerating force: it would want to know whether Christ caused any change in the elements to give them a special force in producing a real change in the soul? Or whether He merely declared that, by eating and drinking, bread and wine became "the authentic expression" designed by Him to enlighten our minds, move our feelings and so strengthen our faith? In short, is the Eucharist designed to produce an objective change in the soul, or only to produce new psychological states? It would seem that Dr. Brilioth's view is that the action in the Eucharist symbolizes Christ's redemptive death and thus brings it vividly into our minds, which then perceive the mystery partly in the force of the symbolism but chiefly in the past and accomplished fact of the redeeming death itself; that is, the Eucharist is really a ceremony designed to bring to our remembrance Christ's death and the effect produced. This remembrance naturally stirs devotion and impels to good works; but the whole basis is not any objective presence of Christ in the Eucharistic species, but only the knowledge that the Incarnation was an historical fact, and that Christ's life and death have been an undefined "regener-

ating force" in the world. Accordingly, just as in the case of "Sacrifice," so the author deprives "Presence" of any real Catholic interpretation. He would hardly deny this, for he considers that "in the Latin church, in the later centuries of the early church, and in the Middle Ages," there took place "a real degradation of the eucharistic sacrifice" (p. 284); he makes a strenuous, but, I fear, an entirely unsuccessful, attempt to show that the Reformation only rejected "the false *ex opere operato* doctrine of the sacrifice of the Mass," but did not altogether lose the idea of a spiritual sacrifice such as he has explained. He has entirely underestimated the force and extent of the Protestant rejection of the idea of sacrifice in the Eucharist, even in England, though he makes the best of a poor case. Regarding the plain and consistent teaching of the Church he lapses into mere abuse, forgetting that those doctrines are held by intelligent and sincere Christians. Indeed, Dr. Brilioth has courteous expressions for every shade of opinion save the Catholic; a fact which, since he evidently writes with good will and sincere piety, is instructive as showing the radical character of the opposition to the Catholic doctrine of Mass and Real Presence which persists in the followers of the Reformation.

The impossibility of reaching truth in matters which transcend reason, by the study of dumb documents, however conscientiously made, is one of the morals to be drawn by Catholics from the Swedish professor's labours. His trouble is that of the disciples who found Our Lord's exposition "hard." Hence, instead of accepting the plain Gospel truth he tries to reconcile incompatibles by pathetically futile word-spinning. For most men of sense see that the problem of the Real Presence hinges on the question whether the bread remains bread, and the wine remains wine, or whether they are changed into Something Else. Both Reformers and Catholics saw that this was the central point of controversy. Dr. Brilioth confesses this himself: "Alike in the Roman, Lutheran and Anglican churches it has remained almost impossible to state the problem [of the Eucharistic Mystery] otherwise than as a Yes or No to the question whether the real presence in the elements is true" (p. 287). No refinement of thought or dexterity of expression can finally hide that radical opposition, and so one has little reason to think that, in spite of Dr. Brilioth's zeal to further the cause of Christian unity, his learned labours will succeed.

BERNARD LEEMING.

SPANISH JESUITS AND LEPERS

THERE is a lonely road in southern Spain that winds its way, between Murla and Laguar, over the Sierras and down into the province of Alicante. The road is bordered with vines and olives, but the countryside that sprawls on either side of it is barren and desolate and wearying to the traveller, until suddenly, as he looks down from the mountain top, his tired eyes light up at the beautiful contrast he sees in the valley beneath him. It is ringed by the hills, but they are no longer stony and bare. To the east is a gap through which he sees the Marquisate of Denia sweeping away to the blue Mediterranean. The upper slopes of the valley itself are clothed in the dark greens of the pine and olive. These in turn give way to the eucalyptus, orange and lemon. Then come terraced gardens of fruit and flowers from which tower magnificent white buildings that gleam and shine in the bright Spanish sun. It is Fontilles, the valley of suffering, the leper town of Spain.

Some thirty years ago a Jesuit priest, Father Carlos Ferris, who was travelling about giving missions on the south-east coast of Spain, was struck by the number of lepers whom he met. Abandoned and neglected they housed their corrupting bodies in hovels and caves on the shore, where alone they could find shelter. This loathsome disease cut them off from all social intercourse just as effectively as if the leper's bell still jangled its harsh warning of their approach. Their sorry plight moved the missionary to immediate and active compassion. With heroic resolve he decided to dedicate his life to the alleviation of their sufferings. He would build a home for these suffering outcasts where they would find kindness, companionship and happiness and a salve for their bruised and despairing spirits. From that resolve was born Fontilles.

With characteristic courage and energy he set about the colossal task that he had undertaken, the building of a leper town. It was an enterprise that might well have dismayed the most optimistic, and might indeed never have materialized, had not Father Ferris been singularly fortunate in securing very soon three loyal and valuable assistants. These were Joaquin Ballester, Mayor of Gandia; Dr. Guillen, an eminent

dermatologist of Valencia; and the Conde de Montornes, an influential patron. However, in spite of their untiring help, nine long years passed before he was able to overcome the difficulties that ignorance and prejudice put in his way and collect the necessarily enormous funds that were required. At last, in 1908, the Ministerio de Gobernación granted leave for the project and promised Government support, without, however, committing itself to any financial subsidy.

On January 17, 1909, Fontilles was opened with five lepers. By the end of the first year these had increased to thirty. The institution, whose official title was "The Leper Colony of Saint Francis Borgia," was organized on the basis of an agricultural settlement. In this Father Ferris was well in advance of his time, and it is interesting to note the words of Sir Leonard Rogers, a great authority on leprosy, written almost twenty years later. "The disheartening old asylums are giving place to agricultural colonies, much on the same lines as tuberculosis sanatoria." We shall see that Fontilles always kept well abreast of the latest scientific methods and discoveries, and not infrequently led the way. The medical side of the establishment was under the direction of Dr. Guillen. The nursing staff consisted of Franciscan nuns and several Catholic young ladies, who sacrificed their lives to this heroic work. To the Jesuits fell the direction of the place, the spiritual care of the patients and the raising of the funds required for its upkeep. In 1931 there were six Jesuit Fathers and ten Brothers at Fontilles.

Once a start had been made the work grew rapidly, so that at the death of Father Ferris in 1924 there were twenty-four large buildings, housing over a hundred lepers, with plans for its extension which would enable it to accommodate no less than five hundred. These included a beautiful church, quarters for the nurses, four huge living apartments for the patients, a clinic with all modern therapeutic apparatus, operating theatre, laboratory, office and farm buildings, a salon de bañas, theatre and cinema. It will thus be seen that the financial burden that fell on the shoulders of Father Ferris was no small one, especially when it is remembered that until 1917, when the Government voted a very small grant, Fontilles was supported entirely by private donations. People were generous, but as the work expanded it was highly desirable that its income should be put on a more stable financial basis. This Father Ferris never lived to see. On one occasion, when he had gone to Madrid to raise funds, he was

informed by an official that the Government had decided to confer on him the "Gran Cruz de Beneficencia." With true Spanish courtesy he thanked the Minister for the honour, and then with a twinkle in his eye added, "The good God has already presented me with plenty of crosses at Fontilles. I would much prefer some money for my lepers." He did not then get the Cross, that was given to him later; but he did get the money and returned home happy.

Under his successors still further advance was made. More commodious and more modern buildings were erected, more up-to-date apparatus was installed. In the early days the lepers had all come from the south-east coast of Spain where the disease is particularly prevalent; but as the fame of Fontilles spread they began to come from more distant parts and even from other countries. A guest house was therefore built, so that their friends might come and visit them. The number of patients now passed the two hundred mark. In 1927 a more liberal grant was voted by the Government. This example was followed by provincial and municipal authorities, and between them one-half of the cost was covered. Donations also began to pour in from 1914 onwards as a result of Father Vilariño's "Cartas de Otro Mundo." Father Vilariño, editor of the Spanish *Messenger*, was accustomed to pay an annual visit to Fontilles, and in a series of published letters gave a graphic description of the life there. As we read his pages we come to know the lepers intimately, their sad histories, their simple joys and great sorrows. There is the shepherd boy whose hands are falling off and who always tells everybody how happy he is; there are the children, Felix and Batistet, and thirteen-year-old Francisquet, who is preparing for his First Communion, and Carmencita, the baby; there is the mother with her child who says, "The world once despised me but now I can despise the world"; there is the man who has walked to Fontilles and almost died on the way, and the fisherman from Denia who gazes through the gap in the hills at the white sails of the ships and the house where he has left his wife and only child. We see the dreadful ravages made by the disease. There is Paco, of whom it can be said without any exaggeration "a planta pedis usque ad verticem capitis, non est in eo sanitas," and many others.

When first Father Ferris began his great work it was thought that the disease was incurable, for evidence as to actual cures was both vague and contradictory. This does not mean that he was content to sit down and bewail a bad case.

Far from it. "Give me the faintest hope of a remedy," he said, "and I'll tramp to the ends of the earth to get it." This was no idle boast on his part. Research work was going on all the time at Fontilles under Dr. Guillen and Dr. Abal, assisted later on by two Jesuits, Fathers A. de Leon and Palacios de Borao, who had studied leprosy in various countries and had graduated in pathology. It is interesting to note in passing that in 1931 there were in different parts of the world no fewer than 8,600 lepers in thirteen hospitals under the care of the Jesuits. It would be interesting, too, were full statistics available, to see what percentage this is of the actual number of lepers receiving treatment. Surely a very high one. The staff at Fontilles also kept in close touch with the experimental work of other leprologists. For a time they suspected that, on account of the close resemblance of the symptoms of leprosy to those of syphilis, a cure might be found in the celebrated "606" of Dr. Ehrlich, but after a trial it was shown to be unsatisfactory and abandoned. Antiseptic washes, douches and baths were then tried. Hopes were raised, only to be dashed to the ground. At length, however, a remedy was found in Chaulmoogra Oil, which had already been used with beneficial results in cases of psoriasis, eczema and other acute skin diseases. But the nauseating properties of this oil and the severe stomach pains which accompanied its administration made it impossible for most patients to take in sufficiently large and constant doses. To get over this difficulty, Eisler in the Philippines experimented with intramuscular injections, but these were so painful that few could be persuaded to undergo them a second time. It seemed as though the remedy was going to be as bad as the disease, until Rogers tried the intravenous injection of soluble sodium salts of the oil. But from the point of view of the workers at Fontilles there was a difficulty attaching to this treatment also. It was impossible to administer on a large scale and the patients were many. This was soon overcome by the important work of Dean and Hollman at Honolulu, who successfully used intramuscular injections of Ethyl Esters, thus enabling a far greater number of cases to be treated. Step by step as these discoveries were made they were tested and checked by Dr. Guillen and adopted whenever results were obtained that held out any hopes of success. During this period of real progress in the cure of leprosy a disheartening discovery was made in the laboratory at Fontilles. Some of the firms who supplied the precious

Chaulmoogra Oil were found to be passing off an inferior substitute. The prompt action of Father Ferris is characteristic. Chaulmoogra Oil is obtained from the seeds of an Indian tree, *Taraktogenos Kurzii*. Father Ferris at once gave orders that in future the oil should be brought directly from India and the preparations made up in the laboratory of Fontilles. No trouble or expense was too great for his beloved lepers, and he had no intention of allowing them to be exploited for commercial profit. In 1928 a newer remedy, Alepol, was tried, but as yet it is too early to predict its results with any degree of certainty. Certain, however, it is that genuine cures have been obtained at Fontilles, and Father Ferris had the consolation of seeing the first of these before he died.

Fontilles has been inspected by experts from all parts of the world, and they have been unanimous in their testimony of the excellent work done there. Professor Reestierna, the greatest leprologist in Europe, is unstinting in his praise. Dr. Souza Araujo, of Brazil, after visiting the leper hospitals in forty countries, wrote in *Medicamenta*, "The leper hospital at Fontilles is the best in Europe and almost as good as that of Carville in the United States." Professor Martyn, a leading English leprologist, writing to Dr. Guillen, expressed the hope that English students of leprology would go to Fontilles to study in its clinics and work in its laboratories. In March, 1926, a three days' inspection was conducted by Dr. Francisco Murillo, Director General of Health. He was astounded, and put on record his impressions in *El Debate* for March 19, 1926. As recently as October and December of last year articles of unbounded praise were published in *Los Hijos del Pueblo*.

The labours and success of Dr. Guillen and his assistants have undoubtedly been great and deserving of the highest praise; but the visitor to Fontilles, whether he be the ordinary layman paying a visit of curiosity or the expert leprologist, is far more impressed by another aspect. It is what one might call the psychological side. Medical opinion is agreed that an almost invariable accompaniment of leprosy is melancholia. We can scarcely wonder at this, especially in those early days when the leper saw himself, not only the victim of the most repulsive of all diseases and shunned with undisguised horror by his fellows but also bereft of all hope of a cure. To banish this disease of the spirit was from the beginning the special care of Father Ferris.

The first step we have already seen. He invited them to leave the sordid surroundings in which so many of them had been forced to live, and which could not but have a most depressing effect, and offered them the valley of Fontilles, which he had turned into a garden of colour and beauty. "Father, this is just heaven," was always the delighted cry of new arrivals as they gazed around them. He had also to provide them with a Christian philosophy that would enable them to bear their great affliction with courage and resignation. It is puzzling to know quite how they would deal with this in one of the purely secular establishments which seem to be the ideal of the present Spanish Government. In 1917 an inspection took place. Whilst the inspectors were being entertained at the end of their visit one of them turned to Father Ferris with the words: "Such a marvel is not to be seen in the whole of Spain, no, nor in the whole world." Another, whilst admitting that this was perfectly true, added: "But what a pity it is so clerical." "You have a remedy," came the quick reply of Father Ferris, "make an anticlerical Fontilles." The discomfited inspector held his peace. Father Ferris, of course, had an inexhaustible store of spiritual comfort to draw upon. He had no need to give his charges sham Stoicism, or hopes that were sentimental delusions, but the simple Gospel story in which the Friend of the publicans and sinners was still more the Friend of the lepers, and, if they saw Him in their simple way as a glorified Father Ferris, who shall say they were far wrong? That Fontilles was a success was above question, and Father Ferris had not the slightest hesitation, and indeed it was patent to all who came in contact with the lepers, in ascribing this success to the personal side of the Catholic Faith. Nowhere was "Our Father, Who art in heaven, Thy will be done," said with such depth of meaning. There were many other factors, it is true, that helped to make their sufferings easier, but it is to this in the first place that must be attributed that "*alegría*," that triumph of the spirit over corrupting flesh, which everyone who goes there looks upon as the miracle of Fontilles.

On his first visit, Father Vilarifio met a small boy in whom the disease was far advanced. "Pepe," he said, "are you happy?" "Oh, yes," he replied. "Here I have God and Our Lady. When I was outside and used to go to the church, they would all draw back from me or else tell me to go away." And to that "*estas contento?*" there always came the same

reply, "Oh! si, señor," sometimes with a look of wonder that so obvious a question should ever have been put to them.

As has already been seen, Father Ferris had not been slow to realize how important it was psychologically to place these unhappy creatures in the midst of beautiful and cheerful surroundings. Having appealed to the eye, the ear was not neglected, and Fontilles quickly became a valley of music. At almost every hour of the day the sounds of the guitar could be heard coming from the patients' quarters; they even boasted of what must certainly be unique—a leper orchestra of twenty instruments. Daily during the month of May and on all feast days, pilgrimages, which so delight the Latin heart, could be seen winding their way to one of the many grottoes in the gardens or amongst the pines up on the hill-side. Father Zurbitu, writing in *Razón y Fe*, gives his impression of the Corpus Christi procession which he attended there. After describing the lepers and Father Ferris going about amongst them, he says: "Then the lepers began to sing. Dios! how they sang, their eyes glued on the monstrance in the priest's hands. In all my life I never hope to see a more moving Corpus Christi than that at Fontilles" (*Razón y Fe*, December 25, 1928). And the delight in those early days when one morning a piano appeared from a kind benefactor!

Every effort was made to prevent their minds turning inwards towards their own morbid state and to provide them with interests and distractions. Hobbies were encouraged from the stamp collecting of Visente to the bird-taming of little Batistet. It was for this purpose that Father Ferris had a cinema installed and a theatre built. In this way the winter evenings were full of happy incident. The lepers themselves formed the cast, and with what zest they threw themselves into their parts! For a time they forgot their deformities and limped round proudly as Kings and Queens of Castile with their trains of bowing attendants.

One day Dr. Boente, Health Inspector of the province of Orense, paid a visit to Fontilles with a view to setting up a leper asylum in Galicia. His parting words well sum up the work of the heroic founder, whose statue now stands amidst the scene of his labours with a leper clasping his knees: "We can erect better buildings; we can possibly get surroundings as beautiful, but we can never hope to capture the soul and the spirit of Fontilles."

JOHN RIMMER.

CATHOLICS AND THE PRESS

FEW complaints are more frequently heard in these days than that of the "neglect of the Press" by Catholics. We are told that the most powerful influence in our midst for the formation of opinion is neglected by the Catholic body, while others make full use of it to their advantage and to our detriment. An element of truth in all this is undeniable. I had the privilege a couple of years ago of presenting the case for a fuller use of the secular Press, at the National Catholic Congress, and, while I feel that the present article is something in the nature of a palinode, I am far from wishing to controvert the whole case of the advocates of "Catholic publicity." With this preliminary qualification, I shall probably permit myself, like the rest of the world, the luxury of over-statement.

The proposition that the Press is a very influential institution seems hardly open to challenge. The daily newspaper is now omnipresent and its efforts are supplemented by an even more numerous weekly and monthly Press. Its increase has coincided with a decline of church-going in the general population and, as many will hold, with a regression in the authority and interest of politicians. Wireless broadcasting may be regarded as a new and formidable rival to the influence of the journalist, but it is true to say that the probabilities point to the newspaper Press as the most powerful factor in the formation of public opinion.

Analysis, however, suggests doubts whether the direct influence of newspapers on public opinion is as great as one might imagine. In politics, the movements of popular sympathy have failed to coincide with the popularity of particular organs. In 1906 the *Daily Mail* was the proud possessor of the largest circulation and its politics were true blue, but it was powerless to prevent the Liberal landslide of that year. The Socialist Party in 1929 was pathetically under-represented in the Press, but it won a famous victory. On examination we find that the "constant reader," by whatever legitimate or illegitimate means attracted to his favourite journal, refuses to take his political opinion from it.

The conclusion I am disposed to draw from this is not that newspapers do not exert a powerful influence, but that their

influence is not seen in the direct formation of opinion. It is a general psychological effect, and I think we are bound to conclude that it is a bad one. In considering that influence, it is legitimate to pay most attention to the popular Press, or, as it is sometimes called, "the stunt Press." This is not only because it reaches a very much wider circle of readers, but because its influence on its *clientèle* may be assumed to be greater. The subscriber to *The Times* is likely to be a person of some general culture, and newspapers will play a small part in his reading. The really popular Press, however, is read by those who read little or nothing else.

Before considering the general influence of the Press, it is appropriate to consider the journalist. If the Press be a powerful institution, the journalist must be a powerful person. We may admit a good deal that Mr. Belloc—with some truth and much exaggeration I think—has to say about the control of the journalist by the money power. The influence of the Pressman in that very large and important area of life in which the financier is not interested or has no conscious policy, is nevertheless very great, and with the developments of modern journalism, the centre of gravity has shifted from the leader-writer who expresses opinion directly, to the reporter, the art editor and the caption writer, who exercise a selective and—on a low plane—a critical faculty. What sort of person is the modern journalist?

As one who for over a quarter of a century has earned his living by journalism, I could not decently write on this subject without paying a tribute to the men and women engaged in the profession. I believe there are as many of the essential virtues and as few of the essential vices to be found among working journalists as in any class of the community. Composed, like the rest of humanity, of good and bad, journalists have as a body a *camaraderie* and good fellowship, a sense of loyalty and a willingness to take the good and bad of life with an even philosophy which should prevent any journalist, however often he may be ashamed of himself, from being ashamed of the confraternity to which he belongs. Nor do the virtues of journalists end there. The profession is in many ways an admirable training ground. I do not know of any other which gives its practitioners an insight into so many aspects of human life, and so protects them against narrow and unbalanced views. The priest, the doctor, the lawyer, are all brought into intimate contact with different classes of

society. Each of them, however, if I may say so, studies humanity *secundum partem*. They deal, so far as their professional activities are concerned, with penitents, with invalids and with litigants. The intelligent newspaper reporter has a greater opportunity to study humanity *secundum totum*. It is often said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. The reporter catches them both at it. Consider the life of a reporter on a provincial paper. He attends inquests, funerals, police courts, sees the Methodists at their devotions, the atheists at their blasphemy, and the Spiritualists at their necromancy. He travels round the division with the Conservative, the Liberal and the Socialist. He travels back in the train with the prosecuting counsel after the Assizes, and has a drink with the Coroner after the inquest. He knows more aspects of life at first hand than anybody he meets. If he be a fool, it makes him arrogant; if he be intelligent, it makes him humble.

Having said all this, I am bound to present the other side of the picture. The journalist will possibly, and even probably, bring to this rich experience, an untrained mind. The priest, the doctor and the lawyer have to submit themselves to years of definite and systematic training. They have to undergo a discipline. The journalist may have done so. He may have had the discipline of a University training, and he may have been called to the Bar. None of this is necessary however. All that is needed is that he shall have a ready pen. Now, the ability to produce "good copy" answers to no useful quality of mind or capacity for social service. That is the curse of journalism. No amount of glibness will make a man a K.C., unless he study law; no skill in inventing theories about the thyroid or the pituitary will get a man on to the medical register unless he can satisfy the examiners that he has studied a group of exact sciences. A gift of tongues will not make a man a priest. The advantages of the journalist's training are too often ignored by his critics, but he has himself, too frequently, a blind eye for the deficiencies.

So much for the journalist. What of the Press? I have spoken of its general influence as bad, and there are two directions among a number, which I would specify as illustrating this contention. In the first place popular journalism creates a disastrous confusion of values in the public mind. I doubt if the full absurdity of the daily Press is adequately

recognized even by thoughtful people, so familiar is the phenomenon. To begin with, there are so many columns to be filled with matter by a given time, irrespective of what happens. A particular piece of news must be made to appear startling and sensational and served up with double or treble column headlines. The emphasis given to this or that occurrence will depend upon a number of arbitrary factors—whether Parliament or the Law Courts are sitting, whether there is much sport and how many columns of advertisements have to be set. It is useless to blame the news editor. These are the inevitable consequences of daily journalism; their effect on the popular mind is none the less unfortunate. The more deeply we consider it, the more important this matter of relative values and emphasis is seen to be. Is it not often the whole difference between orthodoxy and heresy? The tendency of newspaper reading must be, I think, to create an unbalanced and neurotic habit of mind.

The second vice I would specify is the distortion of the idea of authority. It is sometimes said that this idea—fundamental in any ordered society—is absent at present. It would be more accurate to say that it is confused and falsified. The most casual newspaper reader cannot have failed to notice that in contemporary journalism articles are chosen on account rather of their authors than of their contents. Any popular journal will publish the views of a cinema star on vaccination or those of a lawn tennis champion on spiritualism. There is here a conception of authority; it is that a general authority attaches to the opinions of anyone who is "in the news."

The most characteristic development of modern journalism, however, is the growing dominance of what is called "the publicity side." This embraces both direct advertising and the various forms of camouflaged advertising which appear in the news columns. In former days there was an honourable person known as the Editor of a newspaper. He was in general charge of the paper, expressed its views and controlled what appeared in it. If he found himself seriously at variance with the opinions of the proprietors on matters of substance he resigned, but, as long as he was editor, he discharged the functions of an editor and preserved his self-respect. What is an editor to-day on a popular newspaper? There are a managing editor, a news editor, a political editor, and I do not know how many more. Any of the great editors

would have ordered out of his room a representative of the commercial side of the journal who proposed to say what should or should not appear in the news columns or the comments. To-day the advertising man is the dictator. That is a great and significant change.

I have nothing to say about the men and women who earn their livelihood by advertising, but about the business itself there are some truths that seem to me to be obvious. Its essential ideas and motives are those which, carried into other departments of life, we have agreed to regard as vulgar and undesirable. We think it is a compliment to say of a man that he does not advertise. The professions which have preserved the conception of status will have nothing to do with it. We do not allow the doctor to tell us that he has cured more patients than his neighbour, or the barrister to announce in leaded type how many acquittals he secured at the Assizes. It is sometimes naïvely suggested that if we did we should know who were the best doctors and lawyers! We should merely know, of course, who were the most plausible advertisers.

Advertising may or may not be a socially useful adjunct to the selling of boots and safety razors. I confess that I am not thrilled by the suggestion that the Catholic Church should "advertise its wares." In spiritual matters, I believe nothing is more completely proved than the bankruptcy of advertising. If I were asked to name the most remarkable piece of publicity of our times, I should be inclined to cite the case of St. Thérèse of Lisieux. Is there any patent medicine or brand of whisky or what not which is known to as many people at this moment as "the Little Flower" is known? And her publicity has been secured by a resolute flight from publicity. A French middle-class girl who retires into a Carmelite Convent might reasonably expect that the world would hear no more of her. If Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin had gone on the stage in 1888 instead of taking the veil, and had employed an army of Press agents, she would be known to one person for every ten who know of her to-day. I have not the slightest doubt that an enclosed Order of nuns in any town will be followed by more conversions than would the establishment of a Catholic newspaper. Let us preserve a sense of proportion about "publicity."

It will be said—and I shall not challenge it—"this ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone." And

this leads me to a complaint which is often made by Catholic journalists against the Church in its dealings with the Press. It is stated that whereas the Anglicans and the Dissenters and the Salvation Army are always ready to co-operate with the journalist and to help him, there is no such readiness on the part of Catholics. For example, matter often comes into a newspaper office dealing with some aspect of Catholic affairs, our marriage laws or the question of our attitude to non-Catholic bodies. It has to be dealt with hastily, and the suggestion is made that the journalist who happens to be on duty should be able to telephone to Archbishop's House or some other authoritative quarter and "get a line" on it. In this way, it is suggested, a great deal of erroneous matter would be prevented from appearing. But would it? The fact of the matter is that truth refuses to adapt itself to the special and highly artificial conditions of daily journalism. Consider the situation in a newspaper office when a foreign telegram comes in which involves an intricate point of Canon Law. A busy journalist, who has already been wrestling with a murder case and a theatrical scandal, rings up an authority on Canon Law and asks him to elucidate it. The priest replies quite accurately that the position is intricate and cannot be briefly stated without grave misrepresentation. The reporter generously allows him ten lines, which are subsequently reduced by the sub-editor to five. Now it may do little harm when a daily paper publishes nonsense about Canon Law on its own responsibility. Most people have found that on technical subjects of which they know anything the newspapers are usually wrong, and they draw their own conclusions about other technical subjects. But suppose these foolish paragraphs are preceded by the statement: "Our representative was informed at Archbishop's House"! Doctors know that in a message telephoned to a newspaper the thymus gland is likely to be metamorphosed into the thyroid, and few sub-editors will trouble about the *nuance* between "parathyroid" and "paratyphoid"! It would not be otherwise with theology.

Daily journalism consists largely in the rapid and condensed treatment by untrained minds of matter which even the most highly-trained minds cannot properly treat in this way. I am convinced, therefore, that it would be a serious error of policy to establish any such *liaison* between the

ecclesiastical authorities and the secular Press as would appear to give the weight of authority to journalistic errors.

There is one direction in which the facilities offered by the general Press may be most properly and effectively used. I refer to the publication of signed articles such as those which Father Woodlock and well-known Catholic publicists contribute to the papers from time to time. These articles, however, are outside the hysterical rush of daily journalism and they are generally, though not invariably, safe from the sub-editorial pencil.

What I have seen of journalism leads me to disbelieve in any general anti-Catholic bias in the public Press, though, of course, there are individual instances. Those Catholics who see the hidden hand of anti-papal prejudice behind everything that appears in or is excluded from the newspapers have always appeared to me to have a tendency to "delusions of persecution." For the most part, newspapers do not wish to direct public opinion; they desire to exploit it. They will treat us, as they will treat Spiritualists or Mormons, solely by the test of whether we provide "good copy." That is perfectly correct journalism, and no journalist, Catholic or otherwise, has a right to apply any other. It does not follow, however, that it is good for the Church or assists in the conversion of England.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

SPAIN'S ANTI-CATHOLIC REPUBLIC.

ON April 14th occurred the celebration of the first anniversary of the proclamation of Spain's Second Republic, marked, as *The Times* reported, "outwardly with *fiestas* and rejoicing, but in circumstances that many Spaniards regard with mixed feelings." The reflections of our secular press on this event were characterized by that singular oblivion of the Christian moral standard and that general insensibility to the real trend of revolution abroad, which is now the usual pose of "modern thought." The unprincipled seizure of power, the instant, forcible suppression of all adverse public opinion, the skilfully-engineered mob-terrorism masquerading as spontaneous uprisings, the "packing" of the provisional Cortes, and the long series of outrages on justice, liberty, property and Catholic sentiment, which have marked the proceedings of that Masonic body, have, for the most part, been palliated by false names in the Press, or excused on the plea of necessity. There is, of course, nothing new in this. The Catholic Church has long since ceased to look for just treatment at the hands of the secular Press, which, partly from ignorance and partly from indifference, but mainly from that half-unconscious hostility to her supernatural claims and her standing witness to a fixed code of morals, is always ready to take the side of those who attack her. And, with the decay of religion outside the Church, this innate anti-clericalism of the world seems to be growing. It was strong enough before the war. We need say nothing of the delight with which the British public welcomed the spoliation of the Holy See some sixty years ago. The fear of "Giant Pope," now confined to the Protestant underworld, was then almost universal, and the question was considered partly a political one. But when the French Church was attacked by the Government at the beginning of this century, and the Religious Orders plundered and banished, there was no very open approval of that legal brigandage. However, in 1910, the murders and incendiarism and anti-clerical outrages, which stained the birth of the Portuguese Republic, were hailed at first, even by the leading English newspapers, as a bold stroke for constitutional liberty, until the falsehoods spread by the revolutionaries became too gross for belief.

The same readiness to believe evil against the Church, and to accept at their face value the declared motives and aims of her assailants, has not lessened since the war. Calles harassed the hapless Catholics of Mexico for four years or so, like another

Nero, yet only one English secular paper could be stimulated to publish any strictures on his iniquities, and the American Press was wholly dumb: it is doubtful, indeed, whether the Soviets themselves, if only they would cease to profess and apply economic heresies, would incur reproach from modern journalists, merely because of their formal anti-theism. The war has, for the time being at any rate, lowered the moral tone of the whole newspaper world.

And thus, though the doctrinaire anti-clericals who, *de facto*, rule in Spain, are trying to implement a programme, which in any really democratic country, and even in this bureaucracy, would be scouted as a negation of liberty and an assault upon conscience, the indulgent British journalist watches their efforts with objective calm, or with inconsistent approval. And even their out-and-out eulogists are readily given space in our Press wherein to sing their praises. We have remarked as especially prominent in this work a certain Mr. W. Horsfall Carter, whose special qualifications to pronounce ethical or political judgments we can gather, in the absence of any accessible credentials, only from his writing. This advocate of Spanish anti-clerical methods published a glowing account of the Republic's achievements in the *Contemporary Review* for January, followed it up in February by a broadcast, which gave considerable offence to Catholics and led them to question gravely the wisdom and the fairness of the B.B.C., and now has somehow persuaded *The Spectator* (for April 16th) to allow him to proclaim anew his sense of the merits of the new Government on occasion of its first anniversary. No one, he assures us, can now label Spain as "backward"; a country "... where divorce by mutual consent or on certain conditions at the request of one party is now the law of the land." Legal divorce, Mr. Carter forgets, is even more readily obtainable in Soviet Russia, nor is abortion reckoned a crime there: Spain is still backward, if one applies the true anti-clerical standard. By this test, however, the eulogist has no difficulty in explaining and justifying the Government's seizure of the property of Spanish citizens without any pretence of justice, without conviction of crime, without even the pretext concocted by Henry VIII. when he plundered the English monasteries. Religious question? No such thing, Mr. Carter hastens to assure us—"Actually, of course, it is not religious at all but political. Four times during the nineteenth century the Religious Orders were suppressed or their property confiscated. Their fate has been bound up all along with the seesaw struggle between 'Liberalism' and the Bourbon monarchy." The logic of this is, of course, that, when the monarchy fell, the Church (which supports, and must support, all lawful authority, and which now, be it noted, preaches due submission to the Republic) might be justly plundered by the successful rebels. If

only the Church and her Religious had had the sense during the monarchy to plot and agitate with the "liberals" against the throne, she would now be immune. By not doing so she made, Mr. Carter expressly says, a "political" mistake, and for that "she is to-day paying the penalty."

This is the sort of unworthy opportunism and disloyalty which Mr. Carter, aided by *The Spectator*, implicitly commends to his readers. With the like ethical obtuseness, he justifies the expulsion of the Jesuits, enacted on the flimsy pretext of their missionary oath: "it was essential," he writes, "to suppress any association, religious or otherwise, which *might* [italics his] be a source of danger to the State." What sort of justice is it to punish potential crime? As well hang a man because he *might* commit murder! Having thus admitted that the Society was not actually dangerous, he proceeds to that form of accusation by innuendo common to his class. In the *Contemporary* he had mentioned "a report" that the Jesuits owned one-third of the wealth of Spain. He himself did not then vouch for it, but he tacitly assumes it is founded on fact by appealing to what he avers is common knowledge. "Anyone," he writes, "who has lived amongst Spaniards must recall the fierce resentment, shared by many who, in a religious sense, are excellent Catholics, that is reserved for the powerful and wealthy Jesuit community." Hence, the "drastic step" of their expulsion became "a psychological necessity," when one bears in mind "this twist of Spanish opinion." What can one make of special pleading like this? The Jesuits *might* become dangerous,—therefore it was "essential" to suppress them: certain Spaniards, even "excellent Catholics," were known to think very badly of them,—this mental "twist" made their expulsion a "psychological necessity"! We can only offer this reckless panegyrist the choice between having no real knowledge of his subject or concealing the truth. He has probably ignored, as unworthy of his attention, the abundant and accessible literature wherein the rights of the Catholic Church in Spain are vindicated against the false charges made by the Government, and against the flagrant injustice with which she is being treated—the several protests, viz., of the Apostolic Nuncio and of the Hierarchy, the Letter (printed in these pages and extensively through the Catholic Press) of the Spanish Jesuit Provincials which claimed, but did not obtain, the right not to be condemned unheard, the witness to the services rendered by the Religious to education and charity, borne both by Spaniards and others. But he should have given heed to the denunciations of Government lawlessness uttered by staunch Republicans like Lerroux, and he should not have passed over the abundant signs that the existence of a despotic group of Ministers supported by an unrepresentative Cortes is far from being the stable and successful thing he paints it.

Other journalists, without Mr. Carter's genius, or his motives, for panegyric, are somewhat more discriminating. *The Times* leader-writer for the occasion (April 14th) executes an elaborate egg-dance between his regard for the truth and his desire to be polite. He acknowledges that the Republicans seized power on the strength of a minority vote: at least, he says that "if all the [municipal] votes had ever been counted, it is doubtful if the Republicans would have been in the majority," but we know that he knows the facts. He goes on that "though mobs were soon burning churches and religious houses, and extremists have since been exciting the workers to violent strikes . . . Spain has passed through her first year as a Republic far more successfully than at one time seemed likely"—a comparative estimate depending on what one thought might occur. Again, "a Cortes—elected, it is true, by methods that could not be called democratic—is sitting." Why, then, owing its existence to fraud and force, does it call itself democratic? Once more, "the separation of Church and State has been effected." How? Well—"less brutally than might have been feared." Brutally, therefore, and yet, after all, not effectively, for the Church remains chained to the State, without even the wages of a slave. "In the general world depression, Spain is no worse off than might have been expected." Again the appeal to a vague and variable standard. "Finally," thus he sums up on the credit side, "the Syndicalists and their allies, the Communists, have at least been held in check." So might Kerensky have boasted in the few weeks during which he too rode in the whirlwind, yet failed to direct the storm. The truth is that the health of the new Republic is very precarious, and *The Times* writer, putting politeness aside, goes on to say why. "The secret of his [Azaña's] success lies in the fact that he is, in practice though not in theory, almost a dictator." The Prime Minister, of course, excuses himself by claiming to be only the servant of the Cortes which can at will repeal the "Law for the Defence of the Republic," whereby he rules autocratically. But, as *The Times* carefully points out, the Cortes dare not interfere because it is "afraid of what might happen [to the Republic] if it limited his powers." Another source of weakness is the "unrepresentative character of the Cortes," wherein the Catholics of Spain have few spokesmen. Others are "the enormously inflated Budget," which will necessitate correspondingly heavy taxation, and "the unrest amongst the peasants." More serious still is "the activity of the checked but undefeated Syndicalists," who regard Señor Azaña's anti-clericalism as mere milk-and-water compared with the Russian vodka of their desire. Thus *The Times* pitilessly unveils all the ailments of the Republican infant which Mr. Carter sedulously hides from view.

Yet surely the gods must be planning its ruin, for they are clearly making it mad. Who but madmen, faced by all these sub-

versive influences, would devote their chief energies to destroying religion, the one force which can hold them in check? The Syndicalists are one in kind with the dictator and his followers,—only more logical: they have as much right as he has to try to realize their ideals. He has no real authority apart from the people, and on what grounds should he stand between the people and their desires? The only power that can prevent Spain from lapsing into Russian Communism is the Catholic Church which her rulers are trying to destroy.

J.K.

NEW ZEALAND AS A NATION.

NEW Zealand is Britain's most distant Dominion but she has made up for her 12,000-mile separation from Europe by earning the reputation of being "more British than Britain herself." With this, as a New Zealander, I entirely disagree. Having just arrived in England, I feel, for the first time in my life, sufficiently far away from my native country to see her in perspective, and fairly to appreciate the outlook of my fellow-countrymen. New Zealand, as Father Martindale remarked on his visit there, is an intensely individual country—not like anything he had seen till then. It is her people that make her so, a type distinct from the British of Britain. The social manners, customs, and traditions of the two countries touch at many points, yet real differences are apparent even to the casual observer.

Life has its graces in the Dominions, but, generally speaking, it is more casual and informal. Servants are employed by very few families, and the younger people, left to their own devices to a greater extent than in England, grow up accustomed to fend for themselves, at home, at work and at play. Compared with the English boy, the New Zealand youth in the corresponding social scale has to do far more things for himself, and thus is naturally harder and more self-reliant. Loving his freer and more spacious life as deeply as does his brother Australian, the New Zealander is, at the same time, one of the most serious-minded persons one could meet. The amount of "heavy" literature read by our people in our public libraries, as well as at home, and covering such topics as economics, philosophy, history and religion, is amazing. Our newspapers and journals are, on the whole, so quiet in tone and orderly in make-up that the New Zealander abroad, buying his first evening daily in Sydney or London, finds himself lost in the welter of headlines. It is a fact, I think, that not one journalistic "stunt" has yet succeeded in New Zealand. We are far too cautious to be attracted by them. This strange mixture of caution and enterprise, so characteristic of the New Zealander, is perhaps due to the fact that we have more people of Scottish descent among us than almost any other

Dominion. Particularly is this true about the South Islanders, who save up money to lend to the North. And, like the Scotch, we have a tremendous thirst for education. Our system of instruction is so liberal and democratic that to-day no other country can claim a higher proportion of university-trained men and women. We take a great pride in this, as well as in the comparatively high standard of living of our workers.

Father Martindale relates how he noticed among New Zealand working-men "a power of picking up ideas and using them, a willingness to talk about them, and a free but dignified way of asking questions and showing interest, which filled me with fresh delight." This is undoubtedly true of the New Zealander when at home. Yet it is strange to find the reputation for natural shyness which we have earned for ourselves abroad. Isolated as we are, we cannot, of course, escape becoming a little "provincial" and it may be this that tends to conceal in reticence the very real interest we have for peoples and things when we travel abroad. But the aloofness is very marked. A London journalist, who worked for some years in New Zealand, recently told me that he found great difficulty on his return in adapting himself to the ways of Fleet Street, so effectively had he acquired this Dominion trait. And the New Zealand crowd is as quiet as the individual. We seldom, if ever, cheer at public ceremonies, though we can become as enthusiastic as the Welsh at a Rugby final. Rugby, of course, is our national game—I had better not say, our religion!

The New Zealander's general unwillingness to let himself go was made the theme of a fairly vigorous criticism by one of our professors a few months ago. Lamenting the fact that there was "too little joy" among us, he pointed to our general neglect of art, our extraordinary social laws, *e.g.*, against book-making, and against the sale of liquor after 6 p.m., and to the heavy election vote which was still being given, though happily unsuccessfully, in favour of "the drys." Yet temperate and unemotional though we may be, we are, on the whole, a fairly happy and contented people, with a very real sense of humour. This in spite of the fact that we cannot rival the jocular disposition of the happy-go-lucky Maori, who has been nicknamed "the brown Irishman" by a well-known visiting author.

To understand our strangely contrasting qualities, one must look back over the history of the settlement of the country. Both Canterbury and Otago, in the South Island, were established, under the Wakefield system, by which groups of middle-class farmers, with money to invest in land, were brought out to New Zealand from Britain. Consequently the South Island has retained a remarkable degree of stability to this day, and the life of its people is more careful and settled than that of

their northern neighbours. It so happened that the Scottish settlers went to Otago, and founded the city of Dunedin, while the English took up Canterbury, and planned the "garden city" of Christchurch.

That is why Dunedin has remained as Scotch as its name, and why Christchurch has won the name for being more English than any other town in Australasia. Auckland and Wellington, the North Island cities, "just grewed," like Topsy. They were ports of call for whalers and traders to start with, and later became the resorts of speculators, "land sharks," gold-miners, militiamen, and impecunious but adventurous settlers. Soundly prosperous centres to-day, their past has been a picturesque and varied one. Great numbers of Irish people originally settled in Auckland, and in the early days it was known as "Irishtown." Even to-day its people retain that easy-going, carefree quality so characteristic of the sons of Erin.

A word or two about the Catholic population of New Zealand. We are few in numbers, only one seventh of the total (far less than the proportion in Australia). But our achievement on behalf of Catholic education is one of which we may be proud. Without the aid of a single penny from the State, Catholic colleges, high schools, elementary schools, convents and seminaries have been established wherever it has been found necessary, the whole burden of maintenance being shouldered by the Catholic people. In public life we have not so far played the prominent part that might be desired, although the late Sir Joseph Ward, one of New Zealand's most able Prime Ministers, was a practising member of the Faith. But generally speaking, I am afraid we are still a little too clannish, too shy of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. More and more young Catholics are, however, attending the universities, and before long we shall, no doubt, be taking our proper share in public activity, retaining at the same time our own individuality.

That New Zealanders as a people will retain their individuality, without becoming either "Anglicized" or "Americanized" may be taken as certain. The standard of speech is uniform and fairly good, though a few Cockneyisms and Americanisms (not to mention Colonial expressions) are noticeable at times. Children are now regularly taught elocution in the schools, and in few parts of the Empire can better English be heard. As to art and literature, it is still in its infancy amongst us, our best-known author being Katherine Mansfield, the short-story writer who died a few years ago. But unlike the aboriginal Maoris, we cannot, as a people, be considered highly poetic or artistic. As one of our editors recently remarked, the fact that a country is beautiful from a scenic point of view does not necessarily mean that its people will be artistically inspired by it.

Yet practical and matter-of-fact as we are, busily concerned with the work of producing wealth from a fertile land, we are deeply appreciative of the beauties of our country, and find in them an inspiration for further effort in national enterprise. Loyal to the sympathies of their pioneer parents, the people of New Zealand are honestly striving to play their part as a young and vigorous nation, worthy of the heritage that has been handed down to them.

PHILIP L. SOLJAK.

FRESH LIGHT ON KONNERSREUTH.

ALTHOUGH much has been written in these pages to deprecate precipitate conclusions regarding the problem of Teresa Neumann's mystical phenomena, still no shadow of doubt has ever rested upon her sincerity. Her fervent love of God cannot be called in question, and all who have been brought into personal contact with her—Catholics and non-Catholics alike—have gone away impressed, not only by the wonders they have witnessed, but by the unaffected gaiety which marks her intercourse with friends and visitors. Not less admirable are the spirit of immolation with which she has met her incredible sufferings, and also the readiness of her response to the endless appeals for prayers and to every other call of charity. Amongst the many books and innumerable articles of which she has been the subject a volume of moderate compass has now been rendered accessible to English readers which may be taken as representative of the latest developments of the controversy.¹ From certain incidental references we gather that Dr. Hynek's study of the case was originally published in the Czech language, and one is tempted to regret that the translator has not furnished more details regarding the genesis of the present version. It is a pity that we are not told whether it has been made from the Czech original or from a German edition, and more especially one would like to know what is precisely conveyed by the phrase, occurring on the title-page, "translated and adapted by Lancelot W. Sheppard." Has the "adaptation," we wonder, gone further than mere curtailment?

It is clear that Dr. Hynek can hardly be a young man, and that he must be a surgeon of wide clinical experience. He was, he tells us, "chief physician and surgeon at the first military reserve hospital at Chabatz during the Serbo-Bulgarian war of 1913" (p. 122). Before 1914 "he had a whole clinic under his care at Ledesma in the Argentine" (p. 32). He also claims

¹ "Konnnersreuth; a medical and psychological study of the case of Teresa Neumann." By R. W. Hynek, M.D. Translated and adapted by Lancelot W. Sheppard. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. 150. Price, 4s. 1932.

to have investigated the manifestations of fakirs in India and in Constantinople (p. 123), while he is acquainted with Dr. Kröner's book, "Das Rätsel von Konnersreuth," and with the articles of Ludwig in the *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie*, which means that he has not neglected the spiritualistic point of view. Dr. Hynek's own conclusions absolutely reject the possibility of any natural explanation of the phenomena witnessed at Konnersreuth, and impartial readers must necessarily admit that he has approached the subject in an open-minded and scientific spirit.

None the less we may confess that we still find it difficult to regard the question as finally decided. The two points upon which Dr. Hynek lays most stress as establishing conclusively the supernatural character of these manifestations are first, the perpetual fast,—since September, 1927, Teresa has lived without eating or drinking save for the infinitesimal amount of nourishment received in Holy Communion,—and secondly, the reproduction in her ecstasies of fragments of Aramaic speech which she echoes from the lips of our Saviour, of His disciples, and of the Jewish throng who surrounded Him. It is true that the fast is more absolute than any natural fast which can be appealed to as a parallel and also that the marvel is much augmented by the recovery every week of several kilograms of the weight which the stigmatica loses during the anguish of each of her Friday ecstasies. Still when an argument is based upon such data as those supplied in Volkmann's tables, the same argument would be equally efficacious in proving that Mollie Fancher, of whose case an account has previously been given in these pages, could not possibly have subsisted for years on the very small amount of nourishment consumed by her. We must candidly admit that science in its present state has no explanation to offer of Teresa's fast, but it seems to be equally powerless to account for other well-attested facts where a supernatural interpretation cannot be invoked.

The Aramaic speech does not seem to us to constitute so serious a difficulty. Frankly we should need a great deal more conclusive evidence than is at present available to persuade us that Professor Wutz or any other Semitic expert could, in listening to Teresa's utterances during her trances, "distinguish different dialects in this long-forgotten tongue, especially that of Caiphaz and others who took part in the Passion, or St. Peter's, for example, who was betrayed by his Galilæan accent" (p. 54). Surely the historical materials for any such discrimination are very slender. Moreover, Dr. Hynek himself goes on to say: "Prof. Pabstmann kindly repeated some words of this language [Aramaic] for the present writer, who after great efforts found it impossible to retain a single word, although as a doctor he has been in four very different parts of the world and speaks eight languages."

That Teresa Neumann in her ecstasies possesses a strange power, recognized in the case of many clairvoyants, of reconstructing past or distant scenes and sounds of which they can normally have had no knowledge, is very probable. But these visualizations, however surprising, are always imperfect, are only trustworthy in part, and in nearly all cases are coloured by the clairvoyant's own preconceptions or by the mental equipment of those with whom she is in intimate rapport. Anne Catherine Emmerich undoubtedly knew a great deal about Cyprus which, illiterate as she was, she could not possibly have learnt from any normal source of information. It was, we are inclined to think, from the mind of Brentano, sitting close beside her, that she derived telepathically a great deal of what he has taken down from her lips. Similarly, we would urge that the traditional beliefs familiar to Pfarrer Naber probably count for much in the visions which Teresa has of the Passion and of certain incidents in early ecclesiastical history. Some things, no doubt, she sees clairvoyantly and, it may be, correctly, but others are sophisticated by his convictions or by her own reading, and these elements, partly true and partly imaginary, can never be disentangled.

According to Dr. Hynek the incident of St. Veronica's veil is historical, but "Teresa tells us that Jesus took the veil and applied it merely to His face; He gave it back to Veronica covered with sweat, blood and dust" (p. 44). Again, "Teresa sees the cross in the form of a Y, as it is sometimes represented on vestments." St. Bridget also sees the cross in the form of Y, and so did Sister Emmerich, despite the fact that Christian tradition and Christian art from the earliest times contradicts any such idea. But while St. Bridget saw our Saviour nailed to the cross after it was already planted upright in the ground, Teresa Neumann describes the executioners as kneeling upon His body to fix the nails while the cross still lies upon the earth. Moreover, the contradictions between her account and that attributed to Anne Catherine are numberless, though they agree in some few details. Again, we are told that Teresa was interviewed by the Jewish correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin. "She took his note-book and with her trembling hand traced the plan of the city, showing the way of the cross with such exactitude that it seemed as if she was abreast of all modern discoveries on the subject" (p. 44). It would be very interesting to see this plan, and one wonders a little what the writer means by his reference to the modern discoveries on the subject.

Still, we are very glad to welcome Dr. Hynek's book and it deserves to be widely read. In particular his description of his four visits to Konnersreuth and his account of her Communions are valuable because they represent first-hand evidence. The present writer has been taken to task for stating that Teresa in

ecstasy swallows an entire Communion particle, while in her normal state only a tiny fragment can be given her. Perhaps that word "swallows" should have been avoided, since no movement of the throat is perceptible. But Dr. Gerlich and Dr. Hynek agree that in ecstasy an entire particle is laid upon her tongue and then seems to vanish. This may be a new miracle, but we can also conceive that this might happen without supernatural intervention. Dr. Hynek, in spite of his first chapter, does not seem to be very familiar with hagiographical matters; for example, St. Veronica Giuliani was not, as he asserts, "the last stigmatist to be canonized." May we also, in passing, mildly protest against the translator's use of the word "stigmatist," which recurs constantly in these pages? Such a termination is suggestive of something positive in the way of action or belief. A dentist is not a man who suffers from toothache, and a pessimist is not a man who endures the extremities of evil fortune. Surely "stigmatica" or "stigmatic" would be preferable to the word employed by Mr. Sheppard. Finally, it may be well to point out that it was not, as stated on p. 12, "a simple lay-brother, the porter of his convent, Alphonsus Rodriguez, S.J.," who wrote "one of the most beautiful and at the same time most spiritual of books, the 'Exercise of Christian Perfection'."

H.T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Why do International Conferences fail?

Why are international conferences so often so futile? None ever fully achieves its purpose: many speedily reach a dead-lock: a few, amongst which, for the sake of humanity, we must pray that the Disarmament Conference shall be numbered, mark a real stage in the evolution of international peace. Unhappily, the effect of failure is to discredit the whole process, and every successive abortive attempt makes the next more difficult. The reason of failure is clearly the lack of the international mind, the adhesion to sectional instead of to general interests, the unwillingness to see others benefit without any proportionate gain to oneself. Accordingly, it is most important to explore in general the likelihood and the measure of possible agreement before meeting to settle and confirm the details. In spite of the urgency of the situation—the saving of the Danubian Powers from financial collapse—and in spite of their various views being mutually well-known, the Four Powers which met in London on April 6th had to separate, *re infecta*, on April 8th because they could not agree about what, on the surface, seems a mere matter of procedure,—whether, *i.e.*, they should ask the five Danubian States to discuss

their economic troubles amongst themselves and then appeal for help to the Four Powers, or whether these four—Britain, France, Germany and Italy—should be associated with the discussion from the first. The reasons for the disagreement were, of course, conflicting national interests, and the unequal incidence of the sacrifices needed for the common welfare. On the whole, Germany and Italy are commercially concerned in Danubian affairs: France and, to a less extent, Great Britain, financially. A general removal or lowering of tariff-barriers—the chief cause of their misfortunes—between the five States would necessitate many modifications in the favourable treaties with Germany and Italy already existing. And over all looms the struggle for political influence in central Europe between the larger Continental Powers—political influence coveted largely on the grounds of security “in the next war.” Thus, that poisonous possibility still continues to infect all international relations. The attempt at agreement has not, of course, been abandoned: the crisis is too immediate and acute for that. The Powers are going on with their discussions at Geneva, and we can only hope that continued association will gradually exorcise the fear and jealousy which prevent them making sacrifices for the general good. There will be no lack of opportunity for discussion: the Lausanne Conference, meant to meet the situation arising from the conclusion of the Hoover moratorium, looms ahead, whilst the League Council has already before it the report of its Committee on the financial condition of Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and Greece—another group in grievous pecuniary distress.

**The Root of
all Evil.**

It is remarkable that all the present distress of the world is caused, ultimately, by seeking for wealth. “Imperialism,” that is, the desire to express national vanity by political domination over other nations, has been so discredited by the war that it no longer figures amongst reputable motives, although it underlies the mentality of militarists everywhere. Even national prestige, the desire to impress others with the notion of our wealth and power and the importance of keeping on good terms with us, is chiefly valued as a commercial asset. It is the desire of the politician to secure markets, of the trader to make profits, of the banker to place lucrative investments, of the big financier to add to his millions, that leads to all the wranglings and scramblings amongst the nations for material goods, which, if fairly and honestly shared, would provide abundantly for all. Because of the uncontrolled tendency to seek more than enough and to make wealth an end in itself, instead of a means to higher things, there is not enough to go round, and the multitudes have little opportunity of leading human lives, while the few have much more power than is good for them. The desire to escape drudgery is

natural and not blameworthy: but there is no justification for selfish idleness. It is a spiritual drawback for fallen man to be free altogether from the need to work, and those whom Providence tries in this way should be anxious to counteract voluntarily this handicap on their way to Heaven. However, temporal prosperity, profitable trade, abundant employment, are all lawful objects of national endeavour, provided the results are fairly distributed amongst the citizens and are not secured by the exploitation of other nations.

**Boycott
the
Aggressor.**

Senator Capper of Kansas continues his efforts to "put teeth" into the Kellogg Pact, that solemn international agreement to have done with war as an instrument of national policy which, judging by the failure of the nations hitherto to reduce their capacity to fight, has remained materially inoperative. On April 6th, Mr. Capper introduced a resolution into the Senate, declaring it to be the policy of the United States not to recognize the legality of a situation created by a violation of the Pact or any treaty so brought about, and, more important still, not to furnish the violator of the Pact with supplies of war or financial assistance. This is a step which those who work for peace have always hoped the United States would take. Being outside the League, it cannot be called upon to apply League sanctions, and thus the situation might arise of an offender against the Covenant being commercially supported by the richest country of the world. But if the States declared that it would not consider as neutral any violator of the Pact, an enormous gap would be closed in the defence of the world's security. We have not traced the fate of that resolution, but, had it been the actual American policy, then we should not have had to hear, with dismay, the declaration in the House of Representatives that 180 million dollars' worth of munitions had been supplied by the States to Japan during the recent conflict with China. Whatever technical excuses may be made by one or other of the parties to that deplorable dispute, it was manifestly contrary to the spirit both of the League and the Pact, and the other signatories of the latter should at least have refrained from actively prolonging it.

**The
War-Traders.**

We hasten to add that many other countries besides America took advantage of this outbreak to do a profitable trade. The German Socialist paper, *Vorwärts*, stated on March 4th that Japan had this year placed orders for war materials with firms in Great Britain, Germany, France, Poland, Belgium and Czechoslovakia, and that deliveries were made mainly through Hamburg. Details and dates are given of the various consignments: a French firm despatches machine-guns to the value of 200 million francs: a German firm supplies 3,600,000 pounds of acids for explosives.

There is a Japanese military commission in Czecho-Slovakia at the moment, and 1,800 bombs and 2,300 gas-bombs have been already sent to Japan from the Skoda works, via Trieste. The Creuzot establishment and the de Dion motor works in France are supplying tanks and air-craft bombs, and a question in the British House of Commons brought the information that this country furnished Japan with £33,000 worth of war material in December, and £12,000 worth in January. Moreover, a firm in Belfast has lately sent munitions to Korea, valued at five million pounds. This list, which is not exhaustive, gives a glimpse of powerful forces working for the continuance of war, which the League has not yet been able to control, although, in 1925, it provided a strict system of licensing which has not been ratified. Their agents are not absent from Geneva: they are well-represented in the Press of every nation; they are, or have been, in the counsels of Governments. What wonder that Disarmament progresses so slowly, that Governments are so half-hearted in the matter, and that public opinion in favour of peace is so confused and inarticulate.

**The Renewal
of the Disarmament
Conference.**

Yet the second stage of the Conference opened hopefully on April 11th, when the American representative proposed what was in effect the most common suggestion in the preliminary speeches,—the abolition of weapons of aggression; tanks, heavy mobile guns, bombing planes, and the use of poison-gas. His aim was to increase security by lessening means of offence. To the French objection that the same weapon might be aggressive or defensive according to circumstances, and that, therefore, the distinction was nugatory, it might have been urged that the restriction placed by the conquerors on Germany's future military equipment, being expressly designed to deprive her of the power to attack, affords a practical means of classifying weapons of war. This "qualitative" reduction forms the easiest approach to relief from the burden of armaments, especially if capital ships, air-craft carriers and submarines are added to the list, and we trust that the delegates will concentrate on that to start with. It was unfortunate that M. Tardieu introduced the idea that some States might break their word and accumulate aggressive weapons secretly, since mutual good-faith is the very foundation of the League itself. Disloyalty would vitiate even the French scheme of an armed League. "If we accept the hypothesis of disloyalty," said Signor Grandi in a fine passage, "the whole structure of security and peace is undermined, and with it that mutual confidence which is at the basis, not only of international co-operation, but of the common life of nations." It would, indeed, be an open profession of disbelief in the solidarity of mankind and in the advance of civilization, a rejection of the most valuable lesson of the war. The question of taking definite and immediate steps

to prevent war is one which retains its overwhelming importance. Even if the Conference begins with small ones, let it, in the name of sanity, at least begin. Its work is to reverse militaristic traditions which are as old as humanity. It has against it the dead weight of convictions which Christianity has failed to leaven, the unspiritualized instincts of the pagan and the unregenerate, the vast financial power of the war-traders, the false and selfish ideals of pseudo-patriotism. It has to rely for real success on moral disarmament, the formation, in each nation, of a public opinion which recognizes the claims of human brotherhood and values political strength, not for national aggrandizement, but rather as a means of benefiting the whole. It will have, sooner or later, to call for the assistance of Christian principles so clearly and emphatically proclaimed by the Pope.

**The Pope's
Peace Teaching
Questioned.**

In that regard we are surprised to see in our able American contemporary, *The Commonwealth*, (March 30th, p. 594) which has hitherto done yeoman's service in the cause of Peace, certain expressions which seem to imply that the reiterated denunciation of armament-competition and excessive nationalism, uttered by all the Popes from Leo XIII. to Pius XI., are not necessarily authentic expositions of Christian principle and, therefore, a sure guidance for Catholic thought. This is what the (anonymous) writer says—

Of course it hardly follows that the papal [peace] policy is necessarily and infallibly right. The point has been stressed in several Catholic publications, notably Belgian, who do not assent to the peace programme. But though the Holy See's attitude towards nationalism and armament *may conceivably be mistaken*¹ (we ourselves are, of course, strongly in favour of it) the fact remains that this attitude has been welcomed by millions of the poor and the bereft. . .

The meaning is not altogether clear, but we should be sorry to think that there are any Catholics, in Belgium or elsewhere, who venture to think that the Papal guidance in this matter need not necessarily be followed. No Catholic has any right to set aside the Pope's understanding of the implications of the Faith in a subject like this, where none of the relative facts are in dispute. The Holy See keeps to general principles: it makes no claim, for instance, to decide whether the French plan of an international League force to prevent aggression, or any other device for the same end, is preferable, but when it says that nationalism should be controlled by the divine law and the reign of law should be substituted for the reign of might, it is stating authoritatively what is Christian teaching. It would seem, if the writer is well-informed, that some of the noxious spirit of the *Action Française* still lingers in Belgium.

¹ Italics ours.

**Mr. De Valera's
Proposals.**

It is a welcome sign of the existing good-will between this country and the Irish Free State that Mr. de Valera's proposal to abolish the Oath of Allegiance and to retain the land annuities for the national exchequer, has been received by the British Press with comparative calm. There was a time when such a controversy would have aroused the bitterest political passions, and abuse would have taken the place of argument. It is, doubtless, felt that, if the suggested modification of the Treaty is seen to mean actual severance from the Commonwealth and the loss of all the advantages, political and commercial, which such common association brings, the majority of Irishmen will not support the President's proposal. A united Ireland might possibly succeed in combining entire independence with a measure of material prosperity, but Ireland, divided as she is, with her industrial section belonging to another nation, and herself unsupported, or even commercially penalized by the Commonwealth, would find it hard to exist. And political reunion with the N.E. fragment which, in present circumstances, is only a question of time, would then become exceedingly improbable, for it would always be Great Britain's interest to prevent it. Such, at any rate, are the impressions of Irishmen abroad. On the other hand, the matter cannot be rightly understood and discussed unless disputants over here realize, first, that the Free State considers that it was an unnatural interpretation of the Treaty that jockeyed it into accepting the separation of the Six Counties, and, secondly, that no Free-Stater looks upon his freedom, such as it is, as a concession from Great Britain, but only as a belated recognition of a right, inherent from the first in his nationality. The Free State does not consider itself an emancipated British colony, nor even a "Dominion," but an ancient sovereign people which has at last regained its sovereign rights. However, as the President evidently holds that the link which unites the Free State with the Commonwealth is not the solemn profession "of true faith and allegiance" described in the Articles of Agreement (No. 4), he must be relying on some other bond. Only members of the Commonwealth can go to the Ottawa Conference, and the President means to go. He must, therefore, be contemplating a substitute for the Oath which shall be equally efficacious. If he is not, he can hardly be aware of the full implications of his project.

**The Irish
Intelligentsia and
Naturalism.**

Mr. W. B. Yeats, on April 3rd, made the interesting suggestion that Ireland should have an Academy of Letters, as distinct from the present Royal Academy, after the fashion of the French and other nations, and then proceeded to handicap the project almost beyond redemption by suggesting some "obvious preliminary choices," who should be, so to speak, foundation-mem-

bers and elect the rest. For those nominees of his included several writers whose attitude to truth, religion and decency, as revealed in their writings, is the cause of shame to every Irish person who values the Christian traditions of the race. The membership of those four or five "emancipated" geniuses would make association with the proposed Academy a reproach rather than an honour. Some years ago, the French Legion of Honour felt compelled to expel from membership a novelist whose book had transgressed even the very lax canons of morality tolerated in France: that offender would feel quite at home in company with some of Mr. Yeats's "personal preferences," some of whose books a not too careful Government has felt obliged to ban. If the proposed Academy is not to be the laughing-stock of the nation from the start, members must be selected who may be trusted not to flout the ethical principles on which Irish civilization, and indeed all genuine culture, is based. When we reflect that the Soviets are simply putting into practice the rules of conduct which our English and Irish atheists and pornographers are persistently praising in their books, and that they, in their endeavour to establish "naturalism" in the place of Christianity, are primarily responsible for much of the injustice and crime of the world, we may realize the folly of elevating such men to seats in a critical body whose functions would include the upholding of a high standard of literature. Mr. Yeats's project, if realized on his lines, would be more dangerous to public morality than the silly Communist propaganda of "Saor Eire," and such-like emanations from Russia. Not that the latter are without their menace, and we trust that the new Government, which is Catholic to a man, will be able to cope successfully with them. On the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, it is said that that enterprising city gave the more prominent of its gunmen a week's free board and lodging: we do not suggest anything so drastic for Dublin: still, its small anti-clerical faction will not, we hope, be allowed to mar in any way the great national act of worship next month.

**The "Church
of Ireland" and
St. Patrick.**

It will not, unfortunately, be so easy to prevent a jarring note interfering slightly with Ireland's hymn of praise to her national Apostle, which will coincide with the Eucharistic celebration—a note proceeding from the Elizabethan establishment in Ireland, which, with less show of reason than her English sister claims,—and that is tiny enough—asserts her continuity with the Church of St. Patrick, Catholic and Roman. The pretension evokes broad smiles amongst Catholics in Ireland and everywhere else, for nowhere is the essential anti-Catholicity of Protestantism more apparent than in that alien body for whose maintenance funds were wrung by legal extortion from the Catholics whom it oppressed for generations, until its disestablishment by Gladstone. Yet its

high officials and prominent writers still assert that preposterous claim, and have put several Catholics, beginning with the Cardinal Primate, to the trouble of speaking and writing in its refutation. All that is necessary for that end may be found in an *Irish Messenger* pamphlet¹ by Father John Ryan, S.J., author of "Irish Monasticism," which demolishes, effectively though in small compass, the little book by Archdeacon Kerr on "The Independence of the Celtic Church in Ireland." It can, perhaps, be demolished still more briefly by quoting the letter which Elizabeth sent to the Lord Lieutenant in 1560, "signifying her pleasure for a general meeting of the clergy of Ireland and the establishment of the Protestant religion through the several dioceses of that Kingdom." Which was accordingly done. The late Mgr. Moyes, in his invaluable "Aspects of Anglicanism" (1890—1899) long ago riddled the claim, (as voiced by the General Anglican Synod of 1891), with equal wit and scholarship, quoting non-Catholic evidence in rebuttal. But the imperative necessity of justifying their position—for, if they do not represent St. Patrick's Church, what are they doing there?—makes these worthy Elizabethans adopt every shift and subterfuge to evade the issue. We may class amongst those devices the attempt by Canon Ardill of Elphin to place the date of St. Patrick and his writings at the end of the second century, an effort which has met with scant mercy from scholars.

The National Government and Commonwealth Catholics. Catholics are rightly disappointed that the National Government, which should have eschewed partiality as well as party, has done nothing so far to redress grievances inflicted on them by partizan bigotry. We do not, of course, expect a reconsideration of our educational claims at this juncture when the country is fighting for fiscal stability, but it would have needed no more than a stroke of the pen to appoint a Minister to the Vatican, since the post was deliberately left vacant in 1930 owing to the Government's misunderstanding of the Malta dispute, and now that misunderstanding a Royal Commission has effectively removed. The Pope is as much entitled to diplomatic courtesy as any other Sovereign. And it would have been easy to refrain from imposing an unwanted divorce-law on Trinidad against which the Christians there vainly protested. "You needn't use it," said the Colonial Secretary. But its very existence, as a weapon directed against the Christian institution of marriage, constitutes its offence. One does not set up by law occasions of sin without giving legal encouragement to sin. We have seen birth-prevention clinics advocated on the "democratic" grounds that the poor, "rightly or wrongly," should have the same facilities as the rich,—so little count is taken of morality by the modern humanitarian.

¹ "St. Patrick and the Roman See," price 2d.

**Puritans
and
Sunday Recreation.**

The debate on the Sunday Performances (Regulation) Bill in the Commons on April 13th was haunted by the spectre of Sabbatarianism, that legacy from the sixteenth century Puritans which they themselves inherited from the Jews. As religious belief decays, so does the religious observance of the Christian Sunday: on the other hand, if religious belief is perverted, Sunday observance may also err both in manner and measure. Our Lord, in rebuking the Sabbatarianism of His day, said—"The Sabbath was made for man," *i.e.*, God instituted a day of rest from ordinary work that man might have leisure for other duties, including formal worship of Himself, but not excluding innocent recreation. On this truth the Catholic Church has always based her legislation for Sunday, securing under precept that God should have His due and permitting all recreative employment of leisure which does not offend God. Far otherwise with those who have broken with Catholic tradition and rush to excess in one direction or another, either making Sunday a week-day without work, or forbidding, in God's name, even harmless enjoyment. These latter were conspicuous in their opposition to the Bill, which gives permission to local authorities to legalize the opening of cinemas, concert-halls, exhibitions and such places of entertainment on Sunday evenings, just as they have been conspicuous in the past in opposing Sunday games in the public parks. It is said that only 15 per cent of the people of England attend any service on the Lord's Day—an appalling indication of the decay of faith amongst us, which prohibition of certain Sunday amusements will do nothing to cure. We do not doubt the religious sincerity of the opposition, but we hold that it is misdirected and ill-informed. Their objections, on the score of overwork and the danger of extending the concession to the whole gamut of entertainments, are more worthy of consideration, and, no doubt, will be met in the final form of the Bill which is still under discussion and is being very closely contested. One provision attached to the already existing and, strictly, illegal licenses for Sunday performances, *viz.*, that a large proportion of the takings should be devoted to charities, we hope will form an essential part of the Bill, when or if enacted.

**To
Improve the
Cinema.**

But Catholics, while not in sympathy with the Puritan attitude restricting Sunday recreations, are uncompromisingly insistent that the recreations should be morally inoffensive. An important letter to *The Times* of April 12th from Sir James Marchant called public attention to the fact that the real issue for the religious-minded was, not the opening of cinemas on Sundays, but the character of the films shown. If within the provisions of the permissive Act could be inserted a prohibition of what are called euphemistically "films for adults," (Class A) which name covers

all those debasing, vicious and over-sexed exhibitions that slip through our present ineffective censorship, then an enormous gain would be achieved. It could then be shown that healthy, instructive and amusing recreation could be provided, without that constant appeal to the animal passions that degrades the cinema to-day. The local authorities have generally proved themselves more vigilant and conscientious than the Board of Censors appointed by the industry itself, and their constituents, with children to educate and amuse, would keep them up to the mark.

**The
Permanent Folly
of Mankind.**

Mr. Baldwin continues to be the one steady influence which prevents the Government from losing its national character. He leads a party which commands a clear majority of 327 in the House, and by tradition and temperament is wedded to Protection, yet he will not go a step beyond the plea on which the election was won—that a measure of Protection should be tried as an experiment, used as a means of barter with other protectionist nations, and, if necessary, as a weapon wherewith to parry their tariff attacks upon our goods. Answering a charge that a permanent tariff-policy had been imposed on the country, he said pointedly, "Nothing is permanent except the folly of mankind. The fiscal system is going to be judged on its merits alone. . . If it fails, the system will be changed, and that is the common sense of the matter." And he proceeded to give an excellent instance—the world is full of them to-day—of that permanent human fiscal folly: the tariff-walls and the tariff-wars in Central Europe which have reduced the five or six Balkan States to the last stages of economic exhaustion. Looking at the matter from the standpoint of economics, it is hard to see any common sense in a country whose trade is its very life blood, and whose manufactures are not needed or cannot be wholly consumed at home, putting artificial barriers in the way of commerce. The essence of trade is mutual benefit, the barter of one kind of goods for another, or for its equivalent in cash. To expect to get all the advantage from the process, leaving the other party unbenefited, seems foolish enough. To say that the tariff is only for revenue, is to give up the idea of helping home manufacture, for if the goods are not kept out, where is the benefit? The whole question is a genuine puzzle, for professional economists all own that universal free trade is the ideal, of which universal protection is necessarily a contradiction, and the practical men, like the International Chamber of Commerce, whose business is the interchange of commodities, are always calling for the reduction of tariffs. It is an economic axiom that all taxes on trade-dealings ultimately affect the consumer: an expert, writing in *America* (April 2nd), puts it paradoxically, but with substantial truth—"Of all the follies which have found welcome in the public mind, amongst the most hurtful is the delu-

sion that nobody pays a tax but the wealthy property owner. It would be nearer the truth to say that nobody pays a tax but the property-less poor." The tax, in other words, is added to the production-costs and the price raised in proportion. How completely the producer's interests have eclipsed those of the consumer is shown in the constant complaint of lower prices. In themselves lower prices should be a boon, for they put more goods within reach of more consumers, and thus raise the level of living. Even "dumped" goods, if they are produced under humane conditions, are not reprehensible from this point. Nor are imports really hurtful unless they damage essential occupations like agriculture, or unless we have to go into debt to pay for them. The fact is that there has arisen no economist or statesman big enough to take a comprehensive view of the whole world of industry and offer clear ethical guidance amongst its tangled problems. For moral disorder is at their root. The greed of mankind is at least as permanent as its folly.

**Millionaires
and
Suicide.**

Lately the world had a striking object-lesson of the fallaciousness of riches and their inability to satisfy the human heart created for higher things. One financier, so wealthy that he lent money to minor States in exchange for lucrative monopolies, had apparently, like the clerk who speculates on racing, borrowed money not his own to cover his losses. His forestalling of exposure by self-murder merely showed his practical disbelief in a hereafter. But the other, even more fabulously wealthy and a noted philanthropist to boot—a good man according to his lights—did himself to death out of mere *ennui*. He was old, and life had nothing more to offer. His riches, which could procure every material good, could not buy contentment, or health, or the solace of affectionate friends. "My work is done: why wait?" was his last despairing message, in which, so oblivious are our journals of the rights of God, the *Spectator* (March 19th) found something to admire. "We are reminded," says an editorial note, "of more than one of Plutarch's heroes. . . He had lived a good life and he claimed the right to end it when he felt the moment of departure had come." But the writer was not reminded of that canon 'gainst self-slaughter, of which Plutarch's benighted heathen were not aware. He instinctively judges the act by a Pagan standard. Or was there dimly in his mind the idea that a very rich man had rights denied to the poor—including the right of *felo de se*? Anyhow, these two deaths point a very salutary moral. If millionaires are decreasing in that land of much "paper" wealth, the United States, they are increasing amongst us, which is not a healthy sign. The Editor of the *Observer* the other day had a word to the point. He wrote, echoing the famous phrase of Pope Leo's,— "the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few is always a dan-

gerous thing." It is true he wrote thus in order to excuse the expulsion of supposedly-wealthy Jesuits from Spain, without reflecting, as Mr. Belloc (*Universe*, March 11th) had the bad taste to point out, that his strictures affected more immediately his own proprietor who, with his connections, is said to control £50,000,000! We have 450 millionaires in this country, including great newspaper proprietors, 450 potential sources of danger! Great wealth means, in our present capitalistic regime, great power without responsibility, and that is good neither for society nor for the individual.

A Way out of Industrial Chaos.

Since industrial affairs are regulated, not so much by the "iron laws" of economics, though they must be reckoned with, as by the free will of the human factors, actuated by a great variety of motives, it is vain to look to legislative juggling with effects for a remedy for the present disorder, whilst ignoring the moral causes. This is the burden of an eloquent plea for the intelligent control of industry published by Father E. J. Coyne in the current *Studies*,¹ and, indeed, has been for long the remedy proposed both by Popes and less-authoritative writers, who know that industry will have to be re-Christianized if it is to regain its health. Some vicious factor intervenes, in the normal and natural process of using the earth for the sustenance and well-being of its inhabitants. The world starves in the midst of plenty precisely because the process is turned aside from its proper object by the selfish endeavour to extract from it, not some profit, for that is lawful, but *profits without limit*. And those who thus abuse it, call in machinery to their aid with the object of increasing production and gain, without any thought of the ruin their improvidence is causing—the displacement of labour and the impoverishment of the consumer, and ultimately their own breakdown. Whilst economists dogmatize and politicians confer, some few Catholics, (may their numbers grow unceasingly), have determined to eliminate the vicious factor and, turning to the oldest industry of all, agriculture, to seek subsistence and a reasonable livelihood from the land, instead of living on the labour of others, or working to make rich men richer. The Scottish Land Association, now in existence for over two years, the recently inaugurated venture of the South of England Land Association at Old Brown's Farm, Buckinghamshire, the other English Associations and the Catholic Rural Movement in the United States, are all inspiring efforts to find a way out of the industrial mess which has hitherto defied discovery. There is no space here to do more than mention a new conception which is capable of vast development and should receive most careful attention from Catholics. A recent C.T.S. pamphlet by Father Vincent McNabb and Commander Shove, *The Catholic*

¹ "The Economic Evil of Loan Interest."

Land Movement, presents both the motives and the methods of the enterprise in the most attractive form. And all over the country most hopeful efforts are being made, such as by Mr. Peter Scott at Brynmawr, to rescue the unemployed by providing work on the land or in cottage industries.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Jonas, Story of, Parable or History? [W. H. McClellan, S.J., in *Homiletic Review*, April 1932].

Mixed Marriages and Civil Law: meaning of new decree [*Catholic Times*, April 8, 1932, p. 1].

Peace and Patriotism: Christian Teaching on [R. Plus, S.J., in *Revue Apologétique*, March 1932, p. 284].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Catholics paganized by "atmosphere" of world [University Students Federation: *Universe*, April 1, 1932, p. 2].

Jesuits: their work in Spain [A. Gwynn, S.J., in *Studies*, March 1932, p. 88].

Lytton Strachey: his anti-Catholic prejudice [J. J. Reilly in *Catholic World*, April 1932, p. 58].

Masonry behind Socialism in Spain [T. A. Maguire in *Catholic Times*, March 11, 1932, p. 16].

Patrick, St., not the Founder of a Protestant Church [Fr. Gannon, S.J., quoted in *Catholic Times*, April 1, 1932, p. 10].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Albert the Great, St. [J. E. Cantwell in *Modern Schoolman*, March 1932, p. 55; C. Bruehl, D.D., in *Homiletic Review*, April 1932, p. 673; G. Karp, S.J., in *Month*, May 1932, p. 385].

Cottage Industries: an integral part of Land Settlement [Rev. P. Conefrey in *Catholic Times*, April 8, 1932, p. 11].

Economics, Need of Sane regulation [E. J. Coyne in *Studies*, March 1932, p. 123].

Ireland and St. Patrick [Dr. Downey reported in *Universe*, March 18, 1932, p. 11].

"Leakage," The: Suggestions [C. W. Gaurin and G. E. Anstruther in *The Sower*, April 1932, p. 13].

"Leakage" in U.S.A., Summary of the Controversy [Dr. J. O'Brien in *Ecclesiastical Review*, April 1932, p. 411].

Legion of Mary, The: Work described [J. P. Donovan, C.M., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, March 1932, p. 244, see April, p. 424].

Native Clergy, For a [Archbishop Salotti in *Catholic Missions*, April 1932, p. 122].

REVIEWS

I—TO THE RESCUE OF SPAIN¹

AN explanation of the paradox of an ancient Catholic nation like Spain being for the moment ruled and overridden by a group of modern anti-clericals must, of course, be sought in history, both recent and more remote. An additional welcome, therefore, is assured for the two books mentioned below, which, apart from external circumstances, merit careful consideration on their own merits. Hitherto, most readers have gathered their knowledge of fifteenth century Spain from the fascinating pages of that eminent American writer, W. H. Prescott, whose dramatic "Ferdinand and Isabella" has maintained its vogue for nearly a century. However, the growth of historical science, to say nothing of the fact of Prescott's misunderstanding of the Catholic *ethos*, makes that celebrated story altogether unreliable, and it was a happy accident that the long overdue treatment of the subject by a Catholic should have been so excellently provided by another American, possessed of a style not inferior to Prescott's and a knowledge of mediæval Spain far surpassing his in depth and accuracy. Mr. William T. Walsh, whose *Isabella of Spain* has already taken rank as a classic, has put us all, non-Catholics included, in his debt, for he has shown how true history should be written, *i.e.*, in the mental and moral atmosphere, so far as it can be recalled, of the period recorded. It is the absence of this precaution which makes all Protestant accounts of the Inquisition, for instance, or of other events and institutions of undivided Catholic Christendom, so inevitably unsatisfactory. The other day one of the Republican ministers publicly lamented the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, closely following that of the Moors, by Isabella and Ferdinand in 1492,—not unnaturally, for the Government has already shown that they share the deadly hatred of Christianity prevalent amongst the Jews of that time. The full account given by Mr. Walsh indicates that the Sovereigns did not proceed to that extremity until they had for years together tried by milder measures to safeguard Christianity from the attacks of the Judaizers, the more dangerous because so many pretended to be Christians. The author claims, justly, that he is the first to give a complete and coherent account in English of "Columbus's patron and America's godmother," for reasons sug-

¹ (1) *Isabella of Spain*. By William Thomas Walsh. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. 644. Price, 15s. n. (2) *Spain and her Daughters*. By Thomas O'Hagan. Toronto: The Hunter Rose Co. Pp. xiv. 123. Price, \$2.00.

gested above—the late exploration of relative sources and the conscious or unconscious anti-Catholic bias of previous historians. No doubt Mr. Walsh himself will be accused of Catholic bias : we can only say that we see no trace of it in his extremely candid narrative : he conceals nothing and sets nothing down in malice : if his portrait, say, of Torquemada, and his general account of the religious and political struggles with Moors, Jews and “converos,” which filled Isabella’s reign, bears little resemblance to the pictures of Prescott, Lea and others, he always gives documented reasons for his divergence. And he makes no secret of what must always shock the Catholic—the extreme moral depravity of many highly-placed Catholics of the time, and the unworthy aims and methods of many ecclesiastics. His book has been described as more thrilling than a novel : certainly we have read many essays in fiction incomparably more dull. The canvas itself—the rescue of a great country from an inveterate invader, the re-building of national consciousness in a people always tribal in their outlook and divided by centuries of alien conquest, the Spanish reaction to the Renaissance, the widening of the European view through the discovery of America—hardly any other period of history gives such opportunity to the philosophic historian, and hardly any other has been so widely written about. Mr. Walsh is never mastered by the multitude and variety of his sources, his extensive reading and erudition are manifest in the bibliography and the notes collected at the end of the book, but never overweight the narrative. Catholic educators should do all they can to make their charges familiar with this book for the sake alike of historical training and a better understanding of their religion.

The exquisite little volume—*Spain and her Daughters*—by Dr. Thomas O’Hagan of Toronto has a more extended scope than Mr. Walsh’s *Isabella*, for it deals, not with Spain’s political history, but with her literary genius and its wide-spread effects in the New World. The author reminds us that nearly 100,000,000 people “think, write and pray in the Spanish tongue,” and yet Spanish occupies only a secondary place in the curricula of English-speaking Universities. That reproach, indeed, is gradually being removed, for, through the labours of Professor Allison Peers and others, Spanish literary and religious masterpieces are being edited for English use in increasing numbers. Dr. O’Hagan, who has travelled extensively both in Spain and in her former colonies, and whose lectures and writings prove him to be thoroughly conversant with his subject, will do much by means of his present work to stimulate that movement. He points out—what is notorious—that three centuries and more of political and religious prejudice have created a barrier of misunderstanding which can be removed only gradually, and then traces the character of the Spanish genius, as affected by the assertive, anti-Christian Mohammedan civilization, both in the Peninsula and as flowering

abroad in the wake of the "Conquistadores." St. Teresa, "the world's greatest Mystic," yet most practical of women, the mistress of a perfect literary style, figures prominently in his pages, followed by the other well-known figures—Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Velasquez—all of whom, except the last, can be paralleled in English artistry. But it is on the less familiar ground of Spanish activities in North and South America that Dr. O'Hagan's guidance is most valuable. In addition to his own researches, he uses the work of other pioneers, and presents a study of absorbing interest. We need not remind our Catholic readers that South America, and to a lesser degree, the Central and Mexican Republics, have been and are the scene of an intense, bitter, and well-endowed proselytizing effort on the part of the Protestant sects, representing, if they can be said to represent anything coherent, a narrow Puritan culture. Dr. O'Hagan provides indirectly an excellent antidote to that poisonous propaganda which is another reason, in addition to its intrinsic merits, why it should be made widely known.

2—IS EINSTEIN DONE FOR?¹

HERE is no delicate debate, no suave academic dispute, but stern indictment and unsparing denunciation. Duquesne University is in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, that city of fire and steel, and its President appears before us in this work as a kind of modern Elias, the rôle of the priests of Baal being allotted to the metageometers. This first volume embraces a proof of the parallel theory and a critique of metageometry. The second, shortly to be published, is to "concern itself exclusively with Einstein's Theory of Relativity, which, in its mathematical phase, is an outgrowth of Riemann's non-Euclidean Geometry. This theory will be exposed from the point of view of physics, mathematics, and metaphysics, and its utter falsehood on all these counts will be pointed out." It will be seen that Dr. Callahan does not lack courage. Like Elias, he has the truth on his side. He has girded himself to destroy a gigantic bluff, but the conspiracy to maintain and enforce the sham is, in appearance, so nearly universal as to make quail any but the stoutest of hearts. Not always has the conscious possession of the truth so admirably stiffened the sinews and summoned up the blood. And the author's erudition is of a quality to match and buttress his high courage. Every geometer of note, Greek, Arab, mediæval and modern, appears in his pages.

After a careful and fairly exhaustive survey of the history of the parallel theory, Dr. Callahan, pronouncing all previous

¹ *Euclid or Einstein*. By J. J. Callahan, President of Duquesne University. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. Vol. I. Pp. xxi. 310. Price, \$4.50. 1931.

attempts defective, produces his own demonstration of its truth. It is, without doubt, a most notable achievement, for his method is original and ingenious, and his proof "built on the geometric relationship of the triangle to the parallelogram" is perfectly valid. But the unique character which the author claims for it is quite another matter. He concurs in the rejection of Legendre's proof, because of the employment of the doctrine of infinitesimals and limits, of Wallis's, because it involves motion and the assumption of similar figures, of Thibaut's, because of the assumed independence of rotation and translation. But all three of these proofs¹ are completely rigid: the third, indeed, in the form in which it appears in Casey's "Elements of Euclid" is a model of compact elegance. A proof which is in part non-geometrical does not thereby fail of either rigidity or universality. All demonstrations, in last analysis, must be knit to the principle of sufficient reason. Dr. Callahan himself relies on Propositions four and eight of Euclid's first Book, and the proofs of these involve superposition, which requires motion. Nor may a proof which includes an axiomatic or evident assumption be rejected on the score that the parallel theory is implicit in the assumption. Non-Euclidean would certainly maintain that the parallel theory is implicit in the assumption that two right lines cannot enclose a space, the axiom on which Euclid I., 4 rests.

It remains, however, to congratulate Dr. Callahan as a standard bearer of the return to sanity and reality in mathematics and physics. The later portions of this first volume in which he effectively "debunks" (his own word) relativistic geometry, (with something, it must be said, of the rough freedom of the pioneer), will whet the appetite of readers for the promised second volume. Already he must greatly have heartened many of the thousands of quiet souls (it is permissible to remind him of their existence) who have not yet bowed the knee to Baal.

There is an awkward misprint at the foot of page 115 where "not" is allowed to usurp the place of "on."

W. MCE.

3—RERUM NOVARUM²

LAST year the Church celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the famous social encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on the "Condition of the Workers," usually known by its opening words, *Rerum novarum*. The authorities of the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart at Milan had the happy idea of inviting repre-

¹ That the angles of a triangle together equal two right angles, from which the parallel theory follows immediately.

² *Il XL Anniversario Della Enciclica "Rerum Novarum."* Milano. Società Editrice "Vita e Pensiero." Pp. xiv. 641. 50.00 l.

sentative Catholic sociologists in Europe and the United States to contribute essays on various aspects of the encyclical to a commemorative volume, and this has now been published at a price which is remarkably low. A Preface by the celebrated rector of the University, Father Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M., outlines the social message of Catholicism, and repudiates the idea that the Church favours the "ingenuous illusions" of those who dream of a return to the pre-machine age, though she is not committed to any one form of economic organization. The thirty-two writers whose contributions follow this Preface represent Austria, Belgium, England, France, Germany, Ireland, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and the United States, each employing his own language. It is impossible to enumerate here all the topics dealt with by these writers, but it is safe to say that never before has so complete a commentary on *Rerum Novarum* appeared. It is extraordinarily interesting to see what a *corpus* of Catholic social teaching is being constructed by the labours of sociologists on both sides of the Atlantic. The relations between ethics and economics, the true doctrine of private property, the question of just wages, the problem of social classes, the family and agriculture, all receive expert attention. The work of the Catholic Social Guild and the Catholic Workers' College are described by Father L. O'Hea, and Mr. H. Somerville outlines the history of the Catholic social movement in Great Britain. The international legislation for the protection of the workers in its relation to *Rerum Novarum* is discussed by Père Valensin, S.J., and the application of the encyclical to the colonies by M. Pinon. The necessity for a corporative organization of industry is a theme which recurs frequently, and it is worthy of remark that this is urged with particular insistence by those contributors who belong to the nation which still preserves a large class of peasants, France. It is no exaggeration to say that whoever wishes to speak authoritatively on Catholic social doctrine in future must take this volume into account. Apart from the Papal encyclicals themselves, nothing so important in the matter with which it deals has ever before appeared. We understand that the volume has been, or is to be, presented to the Pope. May one hope that His Holiness will order the energetic authorities of the Catholic University of Milan to prepare a companion volume dealing with *Quadragesimo Anno*?

L.W.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

WITHIN a year of the appearance of the first volume and in a style worthy of the importance of the book, Messrs. Sheed & Ward have produced the second volume of the translation of Père de Grandmaison's great study of Our Lord—**Jesus Christ, His Person, His Message, His Credentials** (12s. 6d. n.), which is the work of Dom B. Whelan and Miss Ada Lane, under the editorship of Mr. Douglas Carter. The third and final volume is promised for later in the year. The work has been universally recognized as in the front rank of Scripture scholarship, a library of erudition and a masterpiece of clear arrangement—not one of the numberless elaborations of the Gospel narrative but a profound analysis of the character and teaching of Christ, and of the reactions produced and still continuing by His appearance on earth. The work is meant primarily for students but is fitted too for devotional reading, provided that the reader is proof against the attraction of a multitude of informative notes and Appendices. When the final volume is published we shall at last have in our own tongue a book to offer to the non-Catholic which, while taking full cognizance of all non-Catholic views, vindicates the right of Catholic scholarship to take the lead in expounding the career of the Founder of Christianity.

The new things and old which the Church is always bringing out of her treasury can only enter into the domain of dogma, in so far as the "new" things are mere developments of the "old." Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, the Cultus of the Sacred Heart, the honour paid to Our Lady, are in a very true sense as old as Christianity. And so it is emphatically with the doctrine of the Royalty of Christ and the devotion so characteristic of our time which flows from it. The Protestant revolt from the Church of Christ, the Revolution which rejected Christianity itself, the secularism which denies the other world altogether, have made it necessary for Catholics to emphasize their recognition of Christ's Kingship. Accordingly we welcome an excellent exposition of that fundamental doctrine, called **La Royauté du Christ selon la Doctrine Catholique** (Téqui: 5.00 fr.), which is the work of Dom Lucien Chambat, O.S.B., and which puts in the clearest light the nature, grounds and scope of Our Lord's claims upon us. The book reveals the existence of an association called, on its foundation fifty years ago,—"*Société du Règne Social de Jésus-Christ*" and now, since the Papal Encyclical, *Quas primas* (1925), instituting the Feast of Christ the King, become "*La Ligue du Christ-Roi*."

Robert Linhard, the well-known preacher at St. Cajetan's (Munich), has recently published a Catholic Theology for the Laity, **Unser Glaube** (Herder, Freiburg: 6.20 m.), which is remarkable for its thoroughness and clearness. Far from being an attempt to "popularize" theology, it simply avoids all problems which are of little interest or utility to the non-theologian. It stresses particularly those doctrines which, though essential to Catholic Faith, are often regarded with much hesitation by the "modern mind," e.g., grace, sin, original sin, providence, faith, etc.

The easy fluency of its style together with the clear precision of its statements make the book both pleasing reading and a valuable guide.

MORAL THEOLOGY.

The works of Father Cappello, S.J., of the Pontifical University, Rome, on the Sacraments are too well known to need any recommendation. The latest volume, that on **Extreme Unction** (with bibliography and analytical Index, published by Marietti, Turin: 15.00 l.), with an Appendix on the Oriental rite, is full and scholarly. The author's aim has been to treat the subject under the dogmatic, the moral and the pastoral aspects. The treatment is as enlightening and useful as his treatment of Penance, the Eucharist and Marriage in previous volumes. One naturally turns to such important points as the monthly repetition of Extreme Unction of a sick person, the administration of the Sacrament before an operation that may be dangerous, and the completion of the unction of the separate senses after the one unction on the forehead in cases of imminent danger of death. All these matters are dealt with by the author with his wonted clarity. We are not afraid to say that these works of the learned author should be on the shelves of every student's library and should be constantly referred to, even by those who have finished their theological course.

Father L. Wouters, C.S.S.R., has laid students under a very considerable debt by his excellent treatment of the very difficult matter of the virtue of chastity. The work before us—*De Virtute Castitatis et de Vitiis Oppositis*—is a second and enlarged edition: the first was reviewed in these pages three years ago (Beyært, Bruges: 17.50 fr., with analytical and alphabetical Indexes). We believe that the student and the confessor could have no better manual to guide him through the mazes of a most perplexed subject: the latter especially should benefit, since it is he and not the student who has to settle problems in the concrete.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

For people exposed to the risk of mental indigestion, owing to the fare provided by the B.B.C. and the secular press, a valuable little book by Father Leslie Walker, S.J., called *Science and Revelation* (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.), may be recommended. The volume finds its inspiration in a recent press-symposium on the reactions between the conclusions of science and the data of religion, voicing the views of various men of scientific eminence. Father Walker finds the scientists for the most part still agnostic and sceptical, yet far less dogmatic regarding their own subject and far more reverential towards religion than were their Victorian predecessors. And his whole thoughtful analysis of their views is precisely intended to show that there is not only no grounds for conflict between these two sources of knowledge but rather many positive points of agreement. He speaks with a thorough acquaintance with both sides. Nowhere have we seen a warmer appreciation of the genuine services to human development furnished by scientific research, combined with a keener sense of its inability to reach and establish "ultimates," even in its own subject. On the other hand, the attitude of Catholic Theology in its systematizing of the facts of revelation is

shown to be altogether in harmony with scientific methods, whilst prudently cautious in regard to theories and speculations. The lesson taught by the Galileo episode has been taken to heart, once for all. Especially to be recommended is Father Walker's treatment of what must still be called the theory of human evolution. We are convinced that non-Catholic thinkers will lay down this book with a new and real respect for Catholic thought, whilst Catholics may learn from its pages how to speak persuasively with their opponents in their own language.

CANON LAW.

A full commentary on Book III., part 6, of the *Codex Juris Canonici* appears under the title, *De Bonis Ecclesiae temporalibus*, by R. P. Marius Pistocchi, Marietti: 15.00 l.). The canons commented on (1495 to 1551) deal with the acquisition and the administration of ecclesiastical property, contracts and pious foundations. Former canonists might remain largely in the abstract but nowadays, since the Church's rights are so often modified by Concordats and Civil Law, the canonist has to explain the concrete situation. This Father Pistocchi has ably done, interpreting the canons in accordance with State agreements and the Church's own enactments. The commentary on canon 1513 which deals with informal legacies for pious purposes is interesting and very practical, as also is that on canon 1529, which deals with the force of civil laws of contract. The abundant documentation in this work is a tribute to the author's very extensive reading. The work will be found to be valuable for reference. It is well printed and is a pleasure to read.

APOLOGETIC.

The justification of the title—*Through the East to Rome* (B.O. & W.: 6s.), which Father G. MacGillivray has given to the interesting account of his conversion published last November, lies in the fact that he was for four years a member of the Archbishop of Canterbury's "Assyrian Mission," and, from contact with the definite if inadequate beliefs of the "Separated Churches" became increasingly aware of the indefinite and wholly inadequate belief of Anglicanism. The story is charmingly told and we are interested in the spiritual development of the young Scottish Episcopalian lad from the first. He took Orders in the Church of England, and had a good deal of intercourse with its various sections before going to the East in 1910. He kept a careful record of his religious growth and how books and persons helped or retarded him, and in fact went through the natural experiences of a clear truth-seeking intelligence immersed in an ecclesiastical system which is essentially befogged and incapable of reaching certitude. The war broke up the "Assyrian Mission" and the Missioner on his return got work in an Episcopalian Church in Dundee, until his spiritual evolution was complete. We are given its record in considerable detail which covers the whole ground separating the Church from the Sects. In fact, the value of the book is its revelation of the Anglican mentality from the inside, for Father MacGillivray gave the system the most thorough testing possible, only to find it break down on every essential point. To Catholic eyes, there seems little matter for controversy in this question

of religion; it resolves itself into a simple choice between the acceptance of a living, guaranteed authority, and the ceaseless exercise of private judgment. But generally speaking, as this candid record shows, a wearisome way has to be traversed before this final and fundamental choice reveals itself in so clear a light.

DEVOTIONAL.

St. Paul continues to be studied at present as a teacher of mysticism, particularly in connection with his emphasis on the Mystical Body. In *La Vie mystique de Saint Paul*, by Chanoine Henri Morice (Téqui: 10.00 fr.), the author dwells rather on the actual mysticism to be discovered in the saint himself. He takes St. Theresa and her experiences, described by herself, as his measure; he proceeds to show that the same can be paralleled in the life of St. Paul as he has revealed it to us. This volume is divided into three parts: St. Paul the Contemplative, St. Paul the Doctor, St. Paul the Lover of Christ. Another volume is soon to follow. The whole story is told in an historical style, the author adding his interpretations as he goes along; students of this aspect of St. Paul will find here much to confirm their concept of the Mystical Body.

HISTORICAL.

The recent establishment of the Missionaries of La Salette at Dagenham in Essex makes the publication of Father W. J. Fortier's account of the famous apparition—*Our Lady of La Salette* (B.O. & W.: 1s.)—very timely. The booklet contains the traditional account of the strange experiences of the two Alpine Shepherd children in September, 1846 and of the far-reaching results—only second to those of the Lourdes manifestations twelve years later—which their recital caused: the erection of a basilica, the annual pilgrimages, the not-infrequent wonderful cures, the foundation of religious congregations of men and women. But unlike Lourdes, the visions at La Salette occasioned a vigorous controversy amongst Catholics as to their authenticity, a controversy which cannot yet be said to have ceased. It would be interesting, if space allowed, to discuss the reason for this, but two facts which emerge from the dispute seem mainly accountable,—first, that the children in after life were not conspicuously holy, and second, that they spoke of two "secrets" confided to them by Our Lady, the purpose of which was unintelligible. Father Fortier touches on these points, without of course, exploring them fully, but, however open they and other items are to discussion, there can be no dispute as to the manifold good works that have issued from the Sanctuary of La Salette and the spiritual favours there accorded to devout clients of Our Lady.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The literary ability and historical sense, which made Miss Alice Curtayne's *St. Catherine of Siena* a biography of outstanding merit, are equally conspicuous in the shorter *Life of St. Anthony of Padua* (Father Mathew Record Office: 2s. 6d. n.), which she has written for a series of Capuchin monographs. A lively style which does not disdain an occa-

sional use of slang, a deft handling of her material, a genuine spiritual insight make this little book a real contribution to hagiography. We hope that the author may one day turn it into something more lasting and valuable than a brilliant sketch.

SOCIOLOGICAL.

One of the foremost economists in the United States, the Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., has collected in one volume, called *Questions of the Day* (The Stratford Company: \$3.00), some of the many articles on sociological problems contributed by him in recent times to various reviews, mostly in America. Educated Catholics will rejoice that he has done so, for Dr. Ryan is a safe guide through the tangle of contemporary thought, nowhere more confused than in the great Republic with 60% or so of its population uncontrolled by any supernatural belief. In this volume, for instance, we find a thorough exposure of the moral, social and legal weaknesses of the XVIII Amendment and the legislation based upon it. The fact that such legislation finds defenders,—few, we may hope, amongst Catholics,—is itself a glaring exhibition of American ignorance of the ethics of true liberty. Here again we find an answer to the crude notion, developed in a wrong-headed book by Mr. Marshall, that the spiritual allegiance of Catholics to Papal authority necessarily interferes with their civil loyalty,—a notion which implicitly denies the supremacy of conscience and puts the State on the throne of God, and which, advocated by the genius of Gladstone generations ago, was refuted for all time by the genius of Newman. The chaos of economics caused by the Godless pursuit of wealth, Dr. Ryan arraigns before the bar of Christian morality, and examines under every aspect the portentous result of mammon-worship, over-production and under-consumption. Finally he enters more directly the domain of morality by attacking those prevalent symptoms of social decay,—the various violations of marriage-ethics prevalent amongst those who have rejected Christian teaching. It is sad to think that these warnings should fall, for the most part, on deaf ears: on the other hand, with Dr. Ryan's aid the leaven of Catholicism in the American population is large enough, if active enough, to save Christian civilization from corruption. Over here there is need of even more enlightened zeal and there should be, consequently, at least an equal welcome for this helpful book.

Study-clubs and social students generally will welcome Father J. B. McLaughlin's admirable digest of "Rerum Novarum," called *The Immortal Encyclical* (B.O. & W.: 2s., 3s.), especially as it is discussed in the light of the developments in "Quadragesimo Anno." It is the outcome of a very thorough analysis, and the notes are a real help to the understanding of the Pope's doctrine.

LITURGICAL.

Having done much to interpret the meaning of the Church's central Act of Sacrifice in *The Mind of the Missal* published in 1929 Father Martindale completes his exposition in the most thorough fashion by discussing in *The Words of the Missal* (Sheed & Ward: 6s. n.), in

what varied and pregnant phrases that meaning is expressed, and how wonderfully adapted they are to set forth the many-sided relations between God and man, and what great things the Creator, through the machinery of His grace expects of His creature. With these two books well assimilated, the Catholic cannot but realize what a difference the Divine Sacrifice makes to life and how deeply he should prize the privilege of sharing in it.

LITERARY.

Mrs. William O'Brien has collected in a volume called *Around Broom Lane* (Heath Cranton: 3s. 6d. n.), a series of vivid sketches of places and persons in the neighbourhood of Mallow, investing these short and simple annals with all the charm of sincerity and sympathy.

FICTION.

A Biblical romance centred on the earthly career of Our Lord, has been translated from the German of Hilde Moser, by Mary Sands, and published with the title *The Centurion* (Sands & Co.: 6s. n.). It is excellently conceived and constructed, so as to illustrate the religious and political state of Palestine at that time, whilst skilfully introducing most of the personages and episodes of the Gospel narrative. The glowing picturesque style of the author is faithfully reproduced in the translation, which reads indeed like an original—and is well worth reading.

One would need Miss Barclay Carter's profound knowledge of Dante's life and works to appreciate to the full the story she has woven out of the records of his exile and called, by a phrase of his own, *Ship Without Sails* (Constable: 7s. 6d. n.). Viewed at this distance of time the quarrels of the Italian city-states in the fourteenth century and their varied relationships with the Papal Monarchy seem but the "petty spites of the village spire," and it needs an arresting personage like the great poet to give them importance in our eyes. With an astonishing minuteness of detail and vividness of narrative, Miss Carter traces the fortunes of the illustrious exile in his own many-coloured land, and in the brilliant intellectual atmosphere of Paris, whilst his great poem grew slowly out of his experiences and reflections. It is a tale which all lovers of Dante will read with avidity, for something of the poet's own flair for beauty of all kinds has entered into the style of the narrator.

REPRINTS.

Following their wise plan of introducing, after an interval, their "best-sellers" to a wider public by means of popular prices, Messrs. Sheed & Ward have added to their "Ark Library" of cheap editions a "Hart Library" of the larger books also at reduced cost. In the former we are glad to see that remarkable treatise, *The Spirit of Catholicism*, by Karl Adam, which can now be had for 3s. 6d. n., and at the same price M. Henri Ghéon's vivid sketch *The Spirit of the Curé d'Ars*, with an Epilogue by Mr. Chesterton. The fact that *The Risen Sun, Impressions in Australia and New Zealand*, by Father Martindale, after going through four impressions in two years has been included in the latter

series of 5s. books shows that a travel-sketch may have much of permanent value. The reprint of *Bill*, another product of the same experiences, an ingenious course of apologetics addressed to an exiled Cockney, is included in neither "library" but also appears at a reduced price, 2s.

Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton's popular work of Apologetics—*The Truth of Christianity* (Wells Gardner & Co.: 2s. n.), has appeared in an Eleventh Edition (fifty-fifth thousand) again revised and improved by the author who must be congratulated on this evidence of the sterling worth of his book.

Père Hoornaert's valuable contribution to the literature of the "Sex-problem," *Le Combat de la Pureté* (Desclée de Brouwer: 15.00 fr.), rendered so acute to-day by the revolt against Christian morality, is now like Father Martindale's corresponding volume, *The Difficult Commandment*, in its seventh edition. It states with uncompromising but persuasive force the traditional moral teaching of the Church, and takes full account of the different circumstances, whether personal or of environment, in which the Christian has to fight. There is no "defeatism" in the spirit of the book: victory is assured to the prudent and virile.

We noticed with high approval last December an English translation of the second edition of Dr. Raoul de Guchteneere's *La Limitation des Naissances* ("La Cité Chrétienne": 18.00 fr. belges), which edition, *revue et augmentée*, has since come to hand. We can only repeat our commendation: unless the Christian conception of marriage is maintained by the majority, civilization will assuredly crumble. Dr. de Guchteneere surveys the whole field but he dwells particularly on what is his own province, the eugenical and medical aspects of the subject. A book, whether in English or French, to add to the excellent Catholic stock of literature on this important subject.

The excellent sketch of the career of Margaret Sinclair which Mgr. Laveille of Meaux has published with the title *Une "Petite Fleur" Ecossaise* (Téqui: 8.00 fr.), has had a remarkable sale and is now in its eighteenth thousand: the present edition has been revised and brought up to date. We may remark in this connection that that very satisfactory English life, *Margaret Sinclair*, by Miss M. R. O'Rourke, is now published by Messrs. Sands at 1s. 6d. There is no better record of a remarkable personality in the compass than it provides.

If the *édition de luxe* of John Oxenham's story of Our Lord's life, called *The Hidden Years* (Longmans: 7s. 6d. n.), with fourteen capital coloured illustrations by Margaret Tarrant, repeats the success of the first edition, it will pass half a hundred thousand. Catholics cannot accept the Protestant kenotic theory which makes Christ wholly unconscious of His divinity, so human in this case that He has to fight against the passion of love, and, therefore, much in this delicately-conceived tale would jar upon their sense of reverence. But the author means to be reverent and is at pains to indicate the gradual recognition of Christ's real Godhead amongst His followers.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Ruled by secularist politicians, whose doctrine of security based primarily on national force is the chief obstacle to the progressive

reduction of armaments, France is often blamed for the continuance of international belligerency. Yet not justly, for there is much sound work for genuine peace being conducted there by numerous non-political organizations, notably by the "Union catholique d'Etudes internationales," of which Père Yves de la Brière is, we believe, one of the moving spirits. Lately this eminent Professor, who already has done much by his writings to guide the minds of his fellow-citizens into the ways of peace, has crowned these efforts by a wholly admirable book called *Eglise et Paix* (Flammarion: 12.00 fr.), which presents in short compass the Catholic doctrine on international peace—the only teaching which is entirely in accord with ethics and which takes account of all the facts. His method is both scientific and historical, recording what the Church has done for peace in the past, remote and immediate, and describing what has been accomplished in human society, especially in these last generations, to make human solidarity more real and manifest. One may commend especially his balanced treatment of Nationalism, which, escaped from ethical bonds, becomes a danger to the State and to the world alike. He shows how the moral solution of the question is the only sound and lasting one. Since war would automatically and finally cease, were Christianity fully and universally practised, it is plain that international peace is necessarily the Church's ideal. A militaristic Catholic is therefore out of harmony with his profession. Peace in other words is one aspect of the essentially Christian virtue of charity. To several most interesting sections of the book—a record of the meetings between French and German Catholics and a discussion of the views of de Maistre on War, we can only allude. We trust that the volume, as a distinct contribution to the furtherance of peace, will become widely known.

There is no evidence in Mr. John Nibb's work—*Christianity and Internationalism* (Elliot Stock: 2s. n.), that he is acquainted with the abundant literature on the subject which Catholic moralists, like Père de la Brière, have produced: the bibliography which he appends to his booklet is, for the most part, non-Catholic and pacifist: yet his Catholic faith and his common-sense have kept him on sound lines in his denunciation of war and its causes. He does not, however, distinguish clearly enough between patriotism, the moral virtue, and ultra-nationalism, which is patriotism poisoned and perverted. It is unsafe to say generally that Catholic ecclesiastics who took sides in the late war were nationalists in the latter sense.

MISCELLANEOUS.

One can go on and on reading Mr. John Gibbons's *Fun and Philosophy* (Sands: 3s. 6d. n.), for every page contains some quaint bit of information, and the various bits—they are really items from a large card-index *de omni re scibili*—are imbedded in a medium of humorous comment. No references are given for the author generally takes us no further back than—"the card says"—but no references are wanted. They would turn what is a sort of game into a piece of study. Mr. Gibbons doesn't warrant the truth of "what the card says," though much of it indeed

is familiar enough, but he does contrive to pick out a number of amusing and interesting things for our entertainment.

An intelligent person with the happy prospect of a week in Jerusalem could not do better than to devote a few solid hours to perusing *Jérusalem à travers les Siècles*, by R. P. Leopold Dresser, A.A. (La Bonne Presse: 2.00 fr.). Everything about that Holy City, past and present, is to be found within its covers. It has in a high degree the merit, so rightly prized in these days, of being complete in itself. A Teuton could not be more scientific or systematic; no Frenchman could be clearer. Almost every aspect of the subject is dealt with. The author has enjoyed the privilege of spending many years in Palestine, mostly in the Capital, and has had unrivalled opportunities for keeping in close touch with all the research work that has been going on. The book provides a scholarly background to the whole subject and may also be used, with the help of an excellent Index, as a guide-book on the spot. Like Caesar's Gaul it is divided into three parts: History, Archaeology and Sanctuaries, the last division, the most useful for the pilgrim, taking up two hundred pages. The author's views on the "Gallicante" question (pp. 409-412) are specially valuable, as he is a member of the Congregation who own that property and who have distinguished themselves by their zeal for exploration. It will be a long time before this book is superseded.

The *Capuchin Annual for 1932* (Father Mathew Record Office: 2s.) is a sort of combined library and art-gallery, so varied and copious are its literary contents and so numerous its illustrations. There is nothing in it to grow out of date, so it is as fresh now as it was in January. Father Senan, the Editor, is to be congratulated on the notable band of helpers he has gathered together in the production of this admirable collection.

The effort to turn the lives of saints to practical use is bravely made in *A Character Calendar*, by two Sisters of Notre Dame of the American Province (Bruce Publishing Company: \$1.50.). The method of the authors has been 1) in five or six lines to give the significance of a saint for each day of the year, 2) to follow this up with a quotation from the office of the day, 3) then a corresponding sentence from the Imitation of Christ, 4) afterwards an Ideal, or an application of the saint's example to everyday life, 5) next a resolve for to-day, 6) finally a "slogan," or what used to be called a "tessera." The book is indeed a *multum in parvo*; it certainly wastes no time, and many of the summaries of the saints throw quite new light on their lives and characters.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

We have only received one new 2d. pamphlet from the Catholic Truth Society—a good account of *St. Bernardine of Siena*, by Father Dominic Devas, O.P., but there are a number of reprints in both the large and small format. Among the latter is the ever useful *Last Sacraments and Prayers for the Dying* (which should be in every Catholic household), and among the larger, *Catholic Answers to Protestant Charges*, by G. Elliot Anstruther, *Saint George*, by Rev. J. W. Reeks, and *The Benedictines*, by Dom B. Hicks, O.S.B.

The C.T.S. of Ireland sends some interesting 2d. pamphlets; one of particular merit is *I Can Read Anything*, by Rev. Daniel Lord, S.J., explaining clearly in the form of an interesting well-written narrative, why all books condemned by the Church are harmful, though no harm may be visible on the surface even to the educated reader, yet how the subtle ideas conveyed may lie quiescent for many years, unsuspectingly colouring the outlook on some question in a way at variance with the Church's teaching. There is a well told story of the conversion of a Protestant clergyman and his wife, in the form of fiction by Grace Christmas, under the vague title *Which World?* Others sent by the same Society include *The Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception*, by Father James, O.M.Cap. *Nature Legends of the Saints*, by Dorothy Blount (the charming cover of which, depicting St. Francis, will alone attract many readers), and *Glasnevin Cemetery*,—a short history of that famous Catholic Necropolis—by James Barry. *Ardmore, its Founder and Early Christian Memorials*, will interest alike historians and archæologists.

The *Irish Messenger* Office sends a particularly interesting pamphlet, price 2d., *A Short Life of Our Lord*, by Archbishop Goodier, S.J., which will no doubt be as eagerly read as His Grace's well known large work on the same subject.

Two issues of *The Catholic Mind*—March 22nd and April 8th—(Price 5 cents), contain interesting matter as always. The Jesuit Mission Press, New York, sends several small publications. In *A Shepherd Staunch*, St. Anthony Daniel, S.J., by Neil Boyton, S.J., the story of one of the North American Jesuit Martyrs is graphically told. Others include *The Boys who Wouldn't Die*, by James F. Kearney, S.J. (some dramatic incidents which happened to the Chinese Martyrs in the days of the Boxer Rebellion), *William Stanton of Belize, S.J.*, by Martin Carrabine, S.J., tells the story of the American Jesuit priest who died in 1910, and *The Story Wonderful*, by Joseph de Kop, S.J.: all are priced 5 cents.

Some recent *Parish Plays* added to the list of the S.P.C.K., may be of more than interest to parish priests. *The Story of Tobit* (No. 36, by T. W. Crafer, D.D.: price, 1s.), is founded on the Book of Tobias, with not a little vivid character drawing for the help of actors. *Jephthah's Daughter*, by Anna de Bary (No. 37: price, 1s. 6d.), is an independent drama, founded on the legendary interpretation of Judges xi, 39. We doubt the wisdom of the moral in this play, and the text does not justify the legend. *The Patriarch* (No. 38: price, 1s. 6d.), by the same author, dramatizes scenes from the life of Abraham, which might be acted together or any one apart. *The Summoning of Everyman* (No. 39: price, 2s.), is an acting-edition of the well-known play, with practical helps, founded on experience, for reading and acting, by Francis Aidan Hibbert. The Catholic reader may be amused by a remark in the Introduction, to the effect that Everyman "shows the thoughts and religious habits of Englishmen when Church services were beginning to be translated into the common tongue"! Can the writer really mean this? or does the wish give being to the thought?

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE,
London.
Konnersreuth. By R. W. Hynek,
M.D. Translated by Lancelot C.
Sheppard. Pp. 150. Price, 4s.
I Would not Love Thee. By
Deirdre O'Brien. Pp. 154. Price,
3s. 6d. *The Catholic Lineage*.
By L. Rumble, M.S.C. Pp. x.
211. Price, 3s. 6d. *Christ the
King of Glory*. By Dom Anscar
Vonier, O.S.B. Pp. 151. Price,
5s. *The Dynasty of Pius*. By
Gerald Wynne Rushton. Pp. 64.
Price, 3s.
- CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New
York.
Historical Records and Studies. By
Thomas F. Meehan. Pp. 255.
- C.T.S., London.
Various new pamphlets and reprints.
- C.T.S. of Ireland, Dublin.
Saint Patrick, A.D. 432-1932. Edited
by Rev. Paul Walsh. Pp. 128.
- DENT & SONS, London.
Modern Italy. By Cecily Hamilton.
Pp. xi. 229. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- DESCLEE DE BROUWER, Paris.
L'Ontologie du Vedanta. By G.
Dandoy, S.J. Pp. 186. Price,
10.00 fr.
- ERNEST BENN, London.
Calvin's First Psalter (1539). Edited
by Sir Richard Terry. Pp. xiii.
112. Price, 10s. 6d. n.
- GABALDA ET FILS, Paris.
La Création et l'Evolution. Pp.
162. Price, 15.00 fr.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.
Benedictionale. New and Revised
Edition. Pp. 29. Price, 5s.
- JESUIT MISSION PRESS, New York.
Various small publications.
- JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore.
Story of Antoinette Margoy. By
Rev. T. D. Williams. Pp. 216.
Price, \$1.50.
- LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris.
*Le Décalogue de l'Autorité Patern-
elle*. By R. P. Ch. de Maillardoz,
S.J. Pp. ix. 196. Price, 4.45 fr. *Le
Dogme Catholique*. By Eugene
Duplessy. Pp. xiii. 566. Price,
9.45 fr. *Various smaller publica-
tions*.
- LONGMANS, London.
Great Yorkshire Men. By G. C.
Heseltine. Pp. viii. 303. Price,
16s. n. *Anno Domini*. By John
Oxenham. Pp. xi. 298. Price,
6s. n.
- MACMILLAN & Co., London.
The Bud of the Spring. By Mary
Frances McHugh. Pp. 321. Price,
7s. 6d. n.
- MARIÉ & MARIETTI, Turin.
De Sacramentis. Vol. II. Pt. II.
De Extrema Unctione. By Felix
M. Cappello, S.J. Pp. xv. 311.
Price, 15.00 l. *Chrestomathia
Bernardina*. Compiled by P. Dr.
Emerico, O.Cist. Pp. 391. Price,
18.00 l. *Divisio Schematica
Summae S. Thomae*. G. M.
Paris, O.P. Pp. 73. Price, 5.00 l.
- SANDS & Co., London.
Gold or God. By H. M. Capes.
Pp. 280. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *Sin
and Penance*. By Rev. P. Galtier.
Translated by Rev. B. Wall. Pp.
259. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- SHEED & WARD, London.
Saint Augustine. By Karl Adam.
Pp. 65. Price, 2s. 6d. n. *Con-
science*. By Romano Guardini.
Pp. 103. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *Saints
for Sinners*. By Archbishop
Goodier, S.J. Pp. 223. Price,
3s. 6d. n. *The Heroic Life of
St. Vincent de Paul*. By Henri
Lavedan. Pp. 263. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- THE BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., New
York.
*Psychology and the Franciscan
School*. Edited by Claude L.
Vogel, O.M.Cap. Pp. 186. *Con-
temporary Philosophy and Thom-
istic Principles*. By Rev. R. G.
Bandas. Pp. 468. Price, \$4.50.
- THE DISTRIBUTIST LEAGUE, London.
The Problem of Machinery. By
C.B.B.D. Pp. 23. Price, 6d.
- THE HEFFERNAN PRESS, Mass.
Franciscan Studies. Pp. 179.
- THE TALBOT PRESS, Dublin.
Ode to Saint Patrick. By Eugene
Mullen. Pp. 15. Price, 6d.

